

CLASSICS
Illustrated

FEATURING STORIES
BY THE WORLD'S
GREATEST AUTHORS

No. 49

10¢

15¢ in Canada
and Foreign

ALICE in WONDERLAND

By Lewis Carroll



JINXES

of the FAMOUS
by Dick Hyman



FRED ALLEN

HERE is FRED ALLEN'S pet superstition:

About ten years ago, he and his wife, Portland, were on a train traveling on tour in the road show engagement of The Little Show. It was New Year's Eve. They went into the dining car and noticed that pickled herring was on the menu. They ordered it. At twelve midnight, when most people were drinking the old year out and the new year in, Fred and Portland did the same thing with their pickled herring.

Almost immediately, things took a turn for the best for them. Within a week, Allen got a radio contract which propelled him into the star he is today.

What he does now every New Year's Eve practically amounts to a superstition. Yes, you're right. Promptly at the stroke of midnight, Mr. and Mrs. Allen eat pickled herring.



Look What's Coming in
the NEXT GREAT Issue of

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"The Adventures of TOM SAWYER"

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Alice in Wonderland

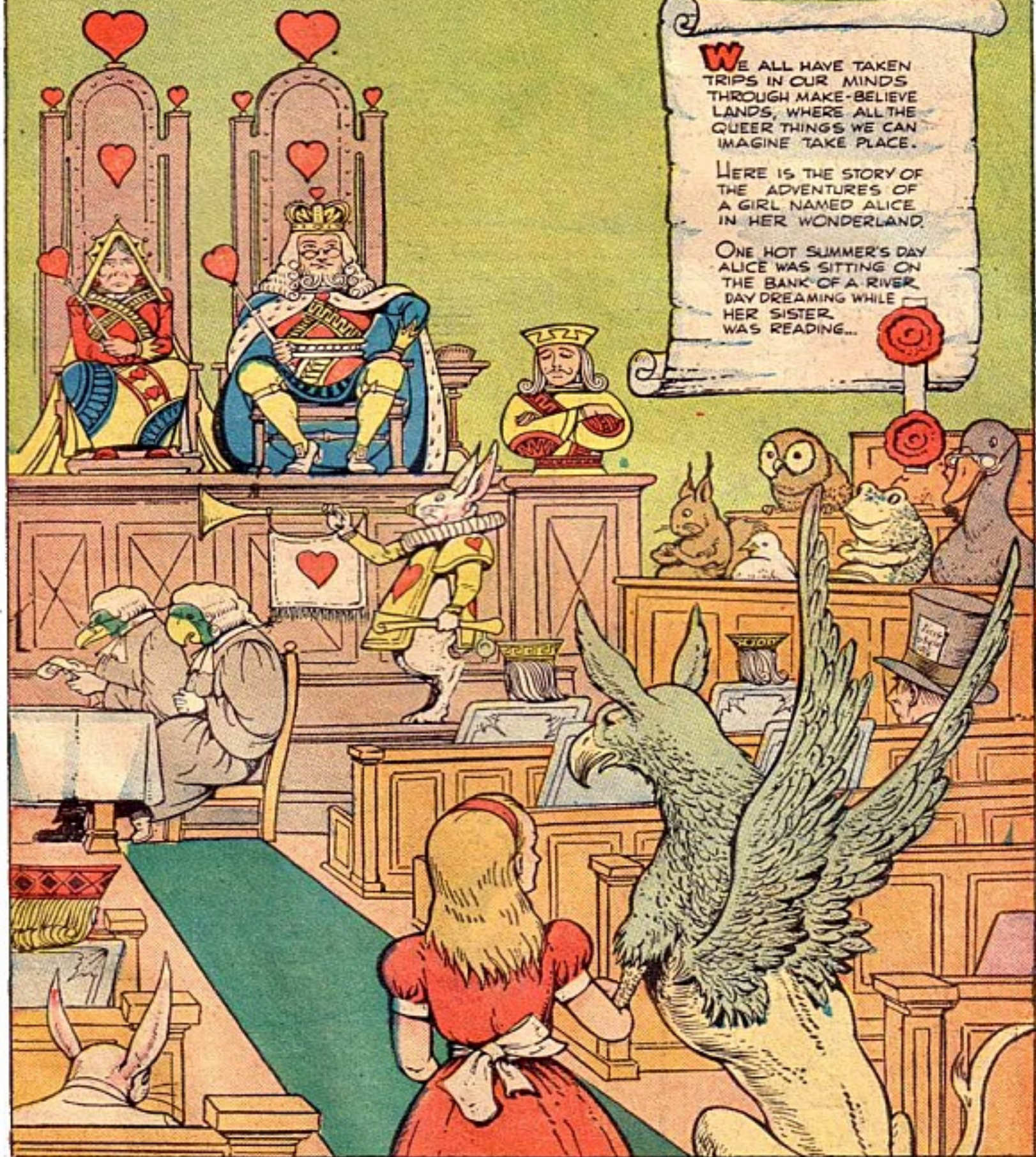
Illustrated by Alex A. Blum

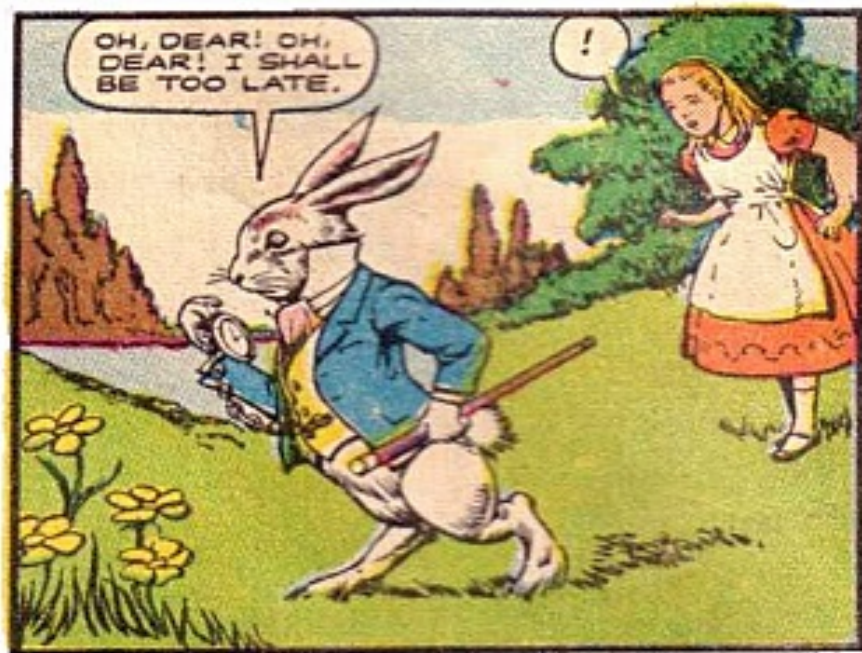
By Lewis Carroll

WE ALL HAVE TAKEN TRIPS IN OUR MINDS THROUGH MAKE-BELIEVE LANDS, WHERE ALL THE QUEER THINGS WE CAN IMAGINE TAKE PLACE.

HERE IS THE STORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF A GIRL NAMED ALICE IN HER WONDERLAND.

ONE HOT SUMMER'S DAY ALICE WAS SITTING ON THE BANK OF A RIVER DAY DREAMING WHILE HER SISTER WAS READING...





AFTER THIS, I
SHALL THINK
NOTHING OF
FALLING
DOWN STAIRS!



I WONDER IF I'M
FALLING RIGHT
THROUGH THE
EARTH? HOW QUEER
IT WILL BE TO
COME OUT AMONG
THE PEOPLE WHO
WALK WITH THEIR
HEADS DOWN-
WARDS.



G-GOODNESS! BUT
I'M NOT EVEN HURT.
THESE DRY LEAVES
SAVED ME.



OH, MY EARS AND
WHISKERS. HOW
LATE IT'S GETTING!

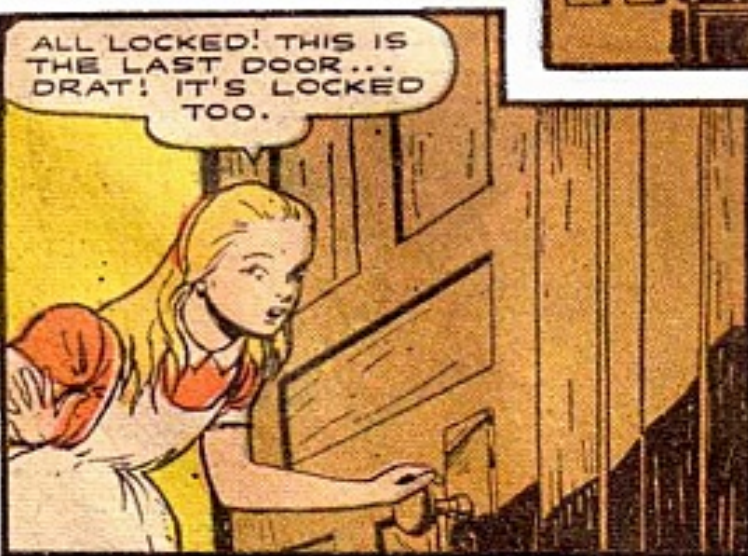
AH! SO THERE HE
IS... GOING INTO
THAT... THAT PLACE.



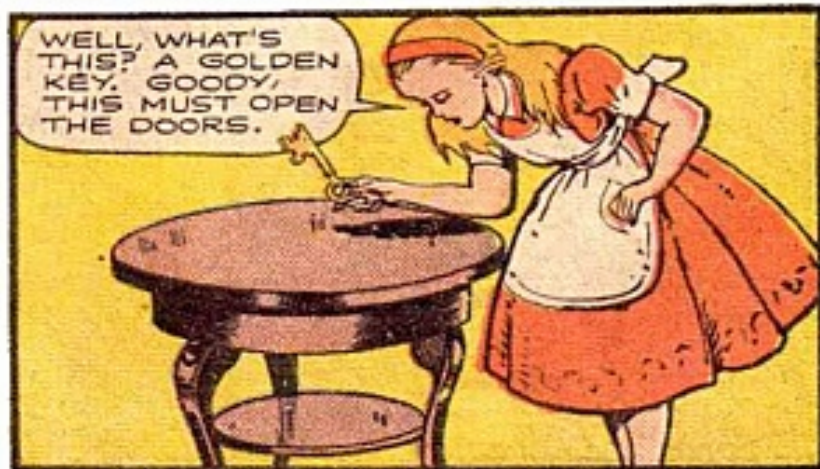
WHAT A FUNNY PASSAGEWAY!
BUT WHICH DOOR DID THE
RABBIT GO THROUGH? OH
DEAR, I'LL LOSE HIM...



ALL LOCKED! THIS IS
THE LAST DOOR...
DRAT! IT'S LOCKED
TOO.



WELL, WHAT'S
THIS? A GOLDEN
KEY. GOODY,
THIS MUST OPEN
THE DOORS.



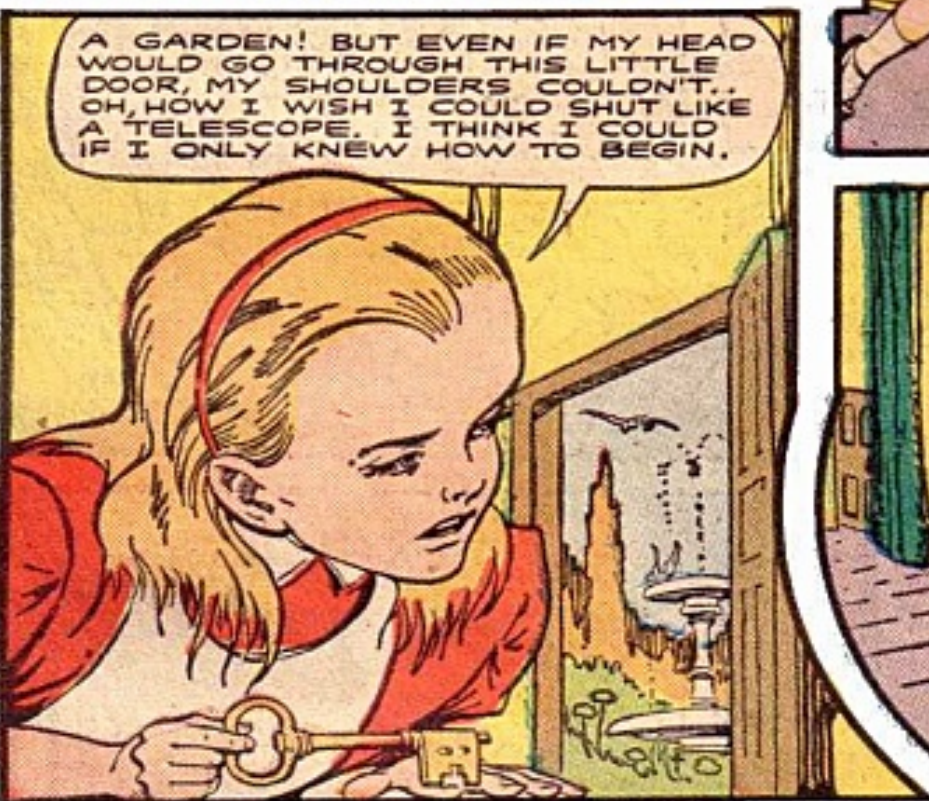
ALAS, I'VE TRIED ALL OF THE KEYHOLES, BUT THE KEY IS TOO LARGE OR TOO TINY... JUST FOR LUCK, I'LL TRY THEM ALL AGAIN...



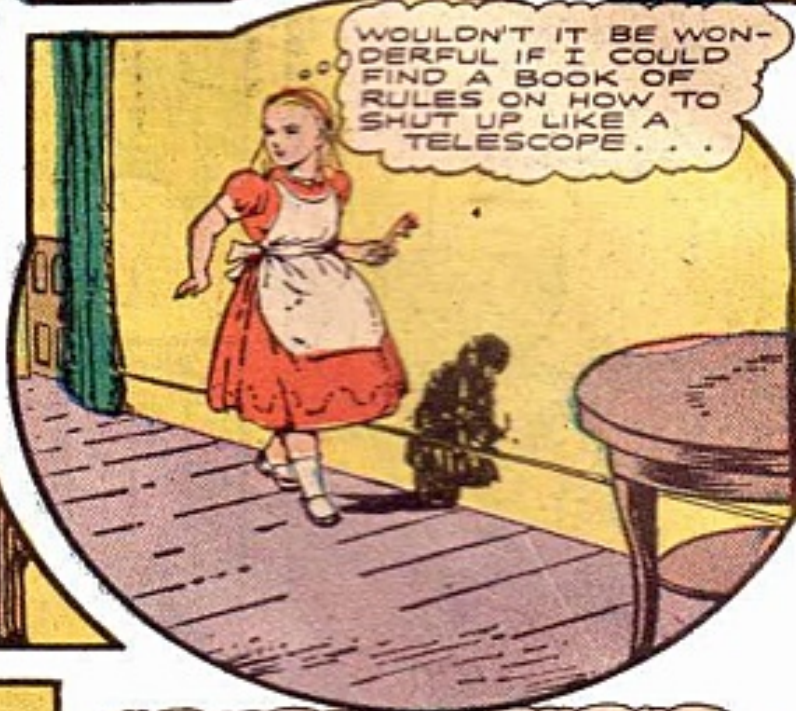
MY GOODNESS, I MUST HAVE OVERLOOKED THIS LITTLE ONE. WHY, IT CAN'T BE MORE THAN FIFTEEN INCHES HIGH.



A GARDEN! BUT EVEN IF MY HEAD WOULD GO THROUGH THIS LITTLE DOOR, MY SHOULDERS COULDN'T. OH, HOW I WISH I COULD SHUT LIKE A TELESCOPE. I THINK I COULD IF I ONLY KNEW HOW TO BEGIN.



WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF I COULD FIND A BOOK OF RULES ON HOW TO SHUT UP LIKE A TELESCOPE...



MY GRACIOUS! THIS CERTAINLY WASN'T HERE BEFORE. "DRINK ME." WELL, AT LEAST IT ISN'T MARKED POISON.



HMMMM... TASTES NICE. SORT OF MIXED FLAVOR OF CHERRY TART, CUSTARD, PINEAPPLE, ROAST TURKEY, TOFFEE AND HOT BUTTERED TOAST.



AFTER FINISHING THE
DRINK, ALICE FELT
HERSELF SHUTTING
UP LIKE A TELESCOPE.

SURELY, I CAN GET
THROUGH THE
LITTLE DOOR, NOW.
I MUST BE ONLY
TEN INCHES HIGH..
PERHAPS I'D
BETTER WAIT TO
SEE IF I'M GOING
TO SHRINK ANY
MORE.. IT MIGHT
END WITH ME
GOING OUT LIKE
A CANDLE.



NOTHING ELSE
IS HAPPENING
IT SEEMS.. NOW
FOR THE GARDEN
DOOR.



ALAS! THIS
LEG IS MUCH
TOO SLIPPERY..
I'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO
CLIMB UP..



OH, DEAR! I FORGOT
THE LITTLE GOLDEN
KEY.. IT'S STILL UP
ON THE TABLE.

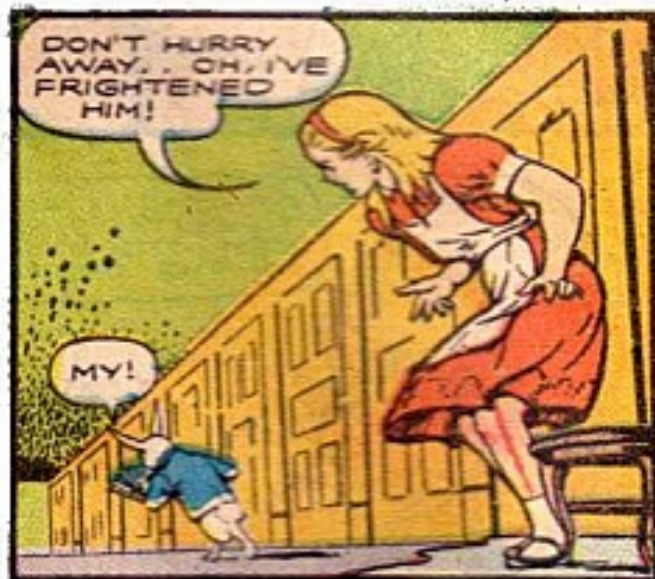
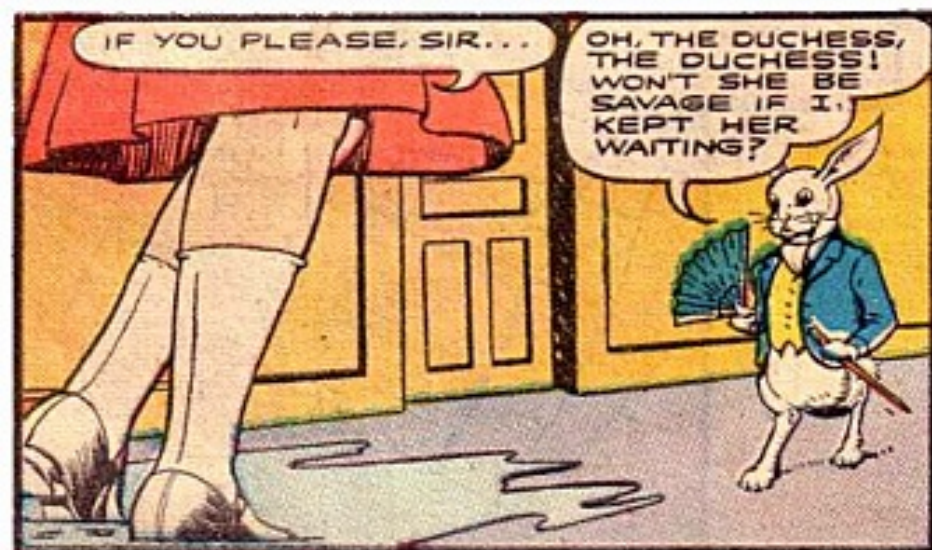


IF I WAS ONLY MYSELF AGAIN.. BUT THERE'S
NO USE TRYING TO PRETEND THAT I'M TWO
PEOPLE. WHY, THERE'S HARDLY ENOUGH OF
ME LEFT TO MAKE ONE RESPECTABLE
PERSON. I ADVISE MYSELF TO LEAVE OFF
CRYING THIS MINUTE. OH!.. WHAT'S THAT
ON THE FLOOR?



IT SAYS "EAT ME!" SO I WILL. AND IF
IT MAKES ME LARGER, I CAN REACH
THE KEY.. OR IF IT MAKES ME
SMALLER, I CAN CLIMB UNDER THE
DOOR. SO, IN
EITHER WAY, I'LL
GET INTO THE
GARDEN, AND
I DON'T CARE
HOW IT
HAPPENS.





I'M SURE I'M NOT ADA, FOR HER HAIR GOES IN SUCH LONG RINGLETS.

AND I'M SURE I CAN'T BE MABEL, FOR I KNOW ALL SORTS OF THINGS AND SHE KNOWS SUCH A VERY LITTLE.

BESIDES SHE'S SHE AND I'M I AND... OH, DEAR, HOW PUZZLING IT ALL IS. I'LL TRY IF I KNOW ALL THE THINGS I USED TO KNOW. LET ME SEE... FOUR TIMES FOUR IS TWELVE, AND FOUR TIMES SIX IS THIRTEEN, AND FOUR TIMES SEVEN IS... OH, DEAR! LET'S TRY GEOGRAPHY.

LONDON IS THE CAPITAL OF PARIS AND PARIS IS THE CAPITAL OF ROME... NO, THAT'S ALL WRONG, I'M CERTAIN!

$$4 \times 4 = 12$$

$$4 \times 6 = 13$$

PARIS
LONDON

ROME
PARIS

GRACIOUS! IT GOES ON MY HAND. HOW QUEER EVERYTHING IS TODAY!

AND I'M GROWING SMALL AGAIN!

THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! THAT FAN WAS MAKING ME SMALLER AND I WOULD HAVE SHRUNK AWAY ALTOGETHER.

I'VE NEVER
BEEN THIS SMALL
BEFORE. NOW, THE
GARDEN...



OOOPS! THIS IS
PUNISHMENT FOR
CRYING SO MUCH..
NOW, I'LL BE
DROWNED IN MY
OWN TEARS!



OU'EST MA CHATTE? OH, I
BEG YOUR PARDON! I QUITE
FORGOT YOU DIDN'T LIKE
CATS.

AS IF I WOULD TALK ON
SUCH A SUBJECT. OUR
FAMILY ALWAYS HATED
CATS. NASTY, LOW,
VULGAR THINGS! DON'T
LET ME HEAR THE NAME
AGAIN. LOOK, WE HAVE
COMPANY!

A MOUSE! NOW, HOW DOES ONE TALK
TO A MOUSE? O MOUSE, DO YOU
KNOW THE WAY OUT OF THIS POOL?
I'M VERY TIRED OF SWIMMING ABOUT
HERE... HE DOESN'T ANSWER..
PERHAPS, HE DOESN'T SPEAK
ENGLISH... I DARE
SAY, HE'S FRENCH..
I'LL TRY THAT...

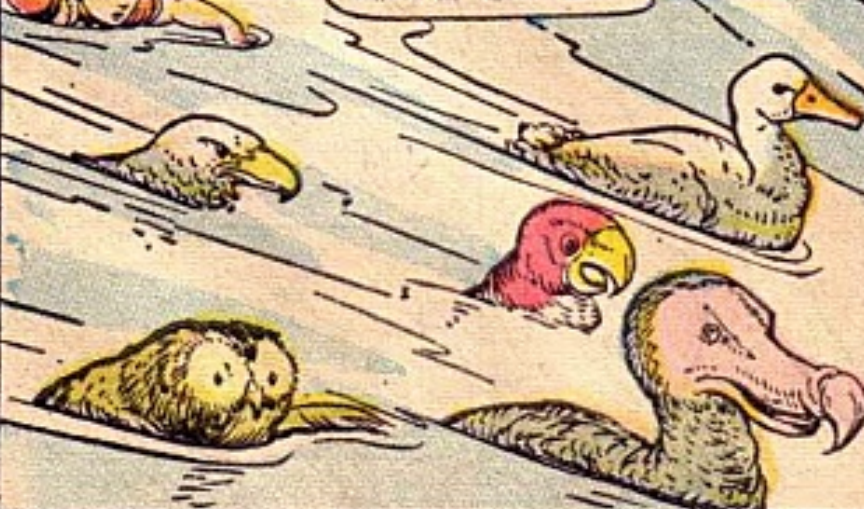


*WHERE IS MY CAT?



THANK GOODNESS, WE
FINALLY REACHED A
SHORE! WHAT A QUEER
LOOKING LOT WE MUST BE.

LET US GO TO SHORE
AND I'LL TELL YOU MY
HISTORY AND WHY I
HATE CATS.



NOW, TO GET DRY..
AH, I HAVE IT! JUST
LISTEN TO ME.. I'LL
SOON MAKE YOU DRY
ENOUGH.

AHEM! ARE YOU ALL READY?
SILENCE. THIS IS THE DRIEST THING
I KNOW. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,
WHOSE FATHER WAS FAVORED BY
THE POPE, WAS SOON SUBMITTED TO
BY THE ENGLISH WHO WANTED
LEADERS, AND HAD BEEN OF LATE
MUCH ACCUSTOMED TO USURPATION
AND CONQUEST. EDWIN
AND MORCAR, EARLS OF
MERCIA AND..

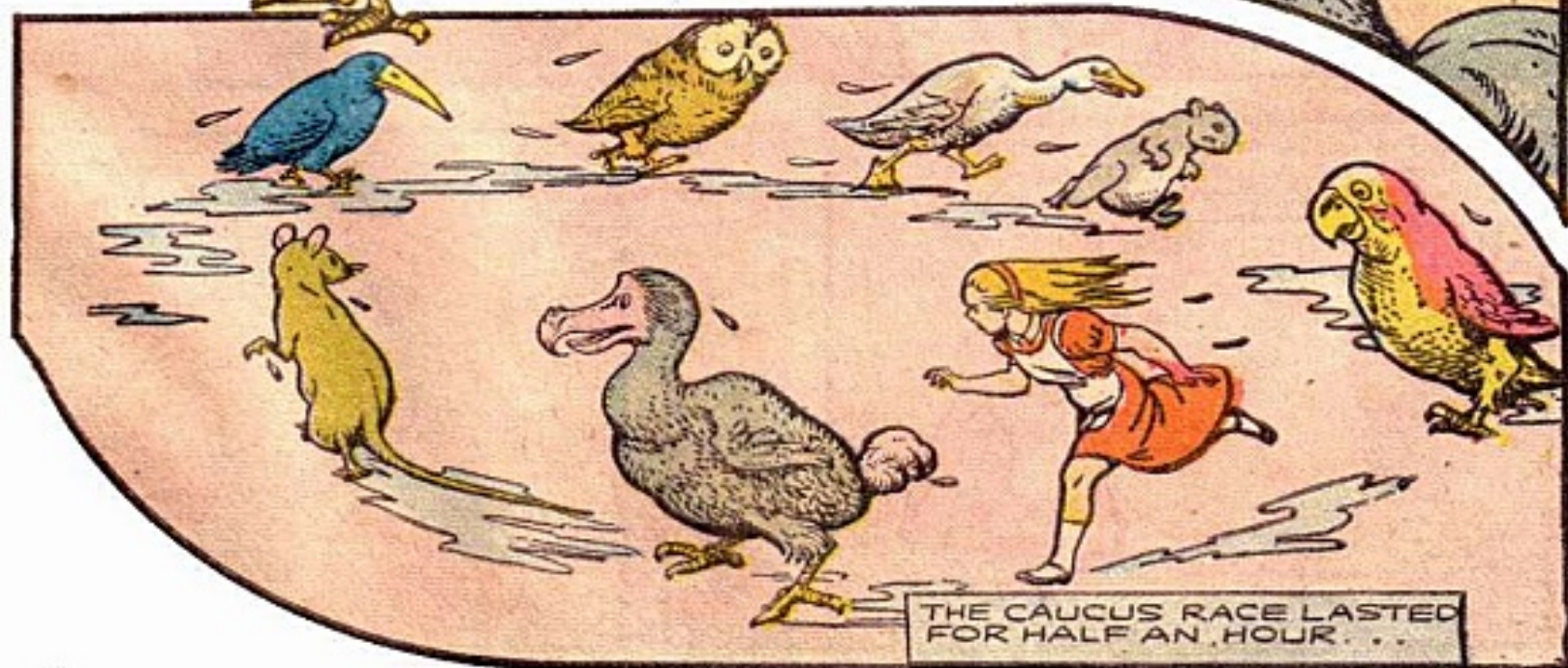
UGH!

I'M STILL
AS WET
AS EVER.

IN THAT CASE, THE
BEST THING TO
DRY US IS A
CAUCUS RACE.

WHAT IS A
CAUCUS
RACE?

WE MUST HAVE A
RACE COURSE AND
YOU BEGIN RUNNING
WHENEVER YOU LIKE
AND STOP WHENEVER
YOU LIKE, SO IT'S NOT
EASY TO KNOW
WHEN THE RACE
IS OVER. FOLLOW
ME.



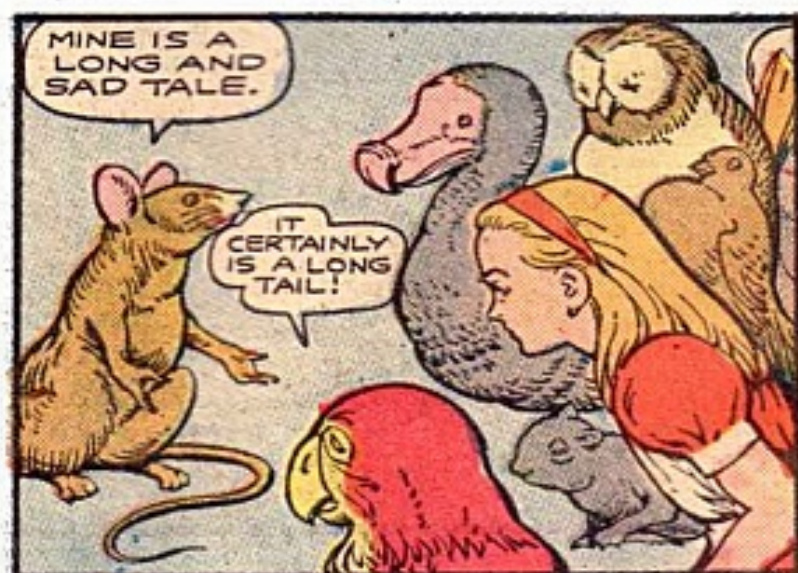
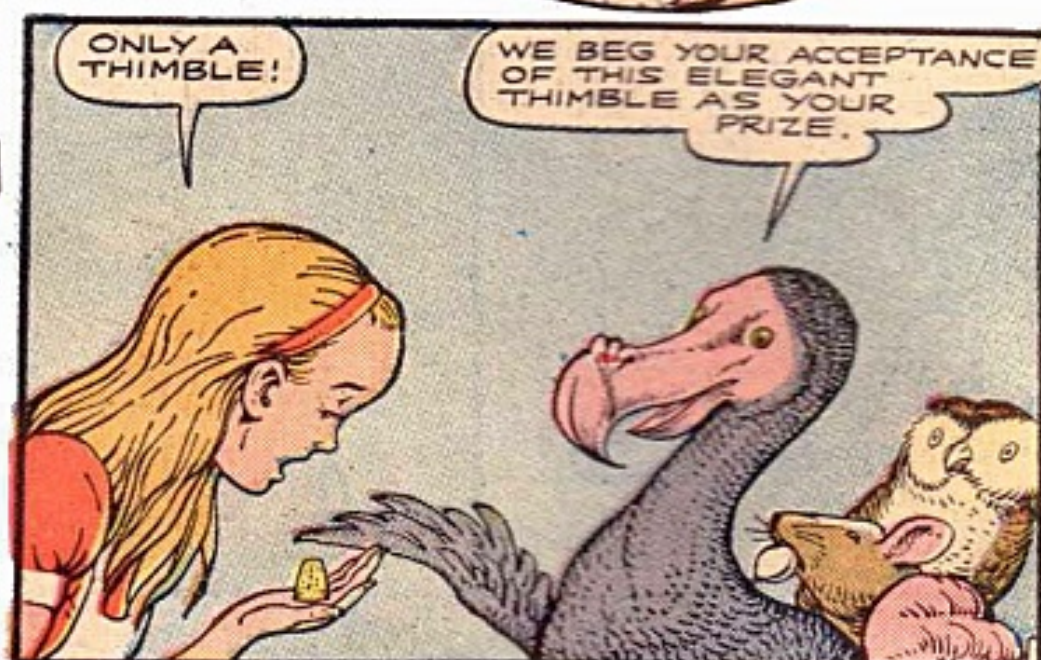
THE CAUCUS RACE LASTED
FOR HALF AN HOUR...



HERE IS A BOX OF COMFITS*... A PRIZE FOR EACH OF YOU.



* CANDIES



FURY SAID TO
A MOUSE, THAT
HE MET IN THE
HOUSE, "LET
US BOTH GO
TO LAW: I
WILL PROSE-
CUTE YOU.—
COME I'LL
TAKE NO DE-
NIAL: WE
MUST HAVE



THE TRIAL;
FOR REALLY
THIS MORN-
ING I'VE
NOTHING
TO DO.
SAID THE
MOUSE TO
THE CUR,
"SUCH A
TRIAL, DEAR
SIR, WITH
NO JURY
OR JUDGE
WOULD
BE WAST-
ING OUR
BREATH."

"I'LL BE
JUDGE,
I'LL BE
JURY,"
SAID
CUN-
NING
OLD
FURY:
"I'LL
TRY
THE
WHOLE
CAUSE
AND
CON-
DEMN
YOU TO
DEATH."



YOU ARE NOT ATTENDING! YOU INSULT ME!

I DIDN'T MEAN IT!

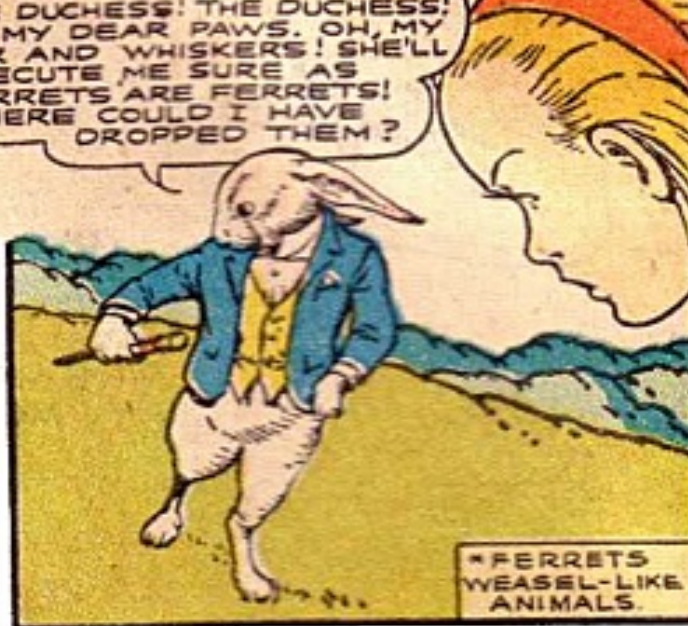
OH, I WISH I HAD DINAH HERE. SHE'D SOON FETCH HIM BACK.

WHO IS DINAH, IF I MIGHT ASK?



DINAH IS OUR CAT, AND WHAT A CAPITAL MOUSE CATCHER SHE IS... WHY ARE YOU LEAVING? OH, DEAR, I'VE FRIGHTENED THEM ALL AWAY!

THE DUCHESS! THE DUCHESS! OH, MY DEAR PAWS. OH, MY FUR AND WHISKERS! SHE'LL EXECUTE ME SURE AS FERRETS ARE FERRETS! WHERE COULD I HAVE DROPPED THEM?

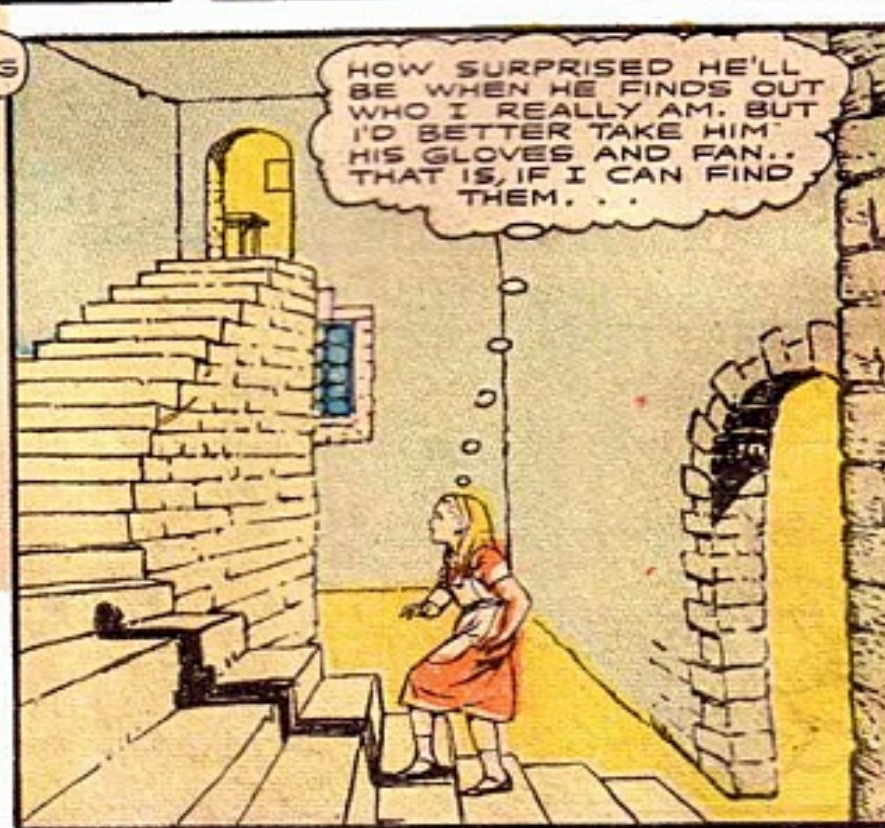
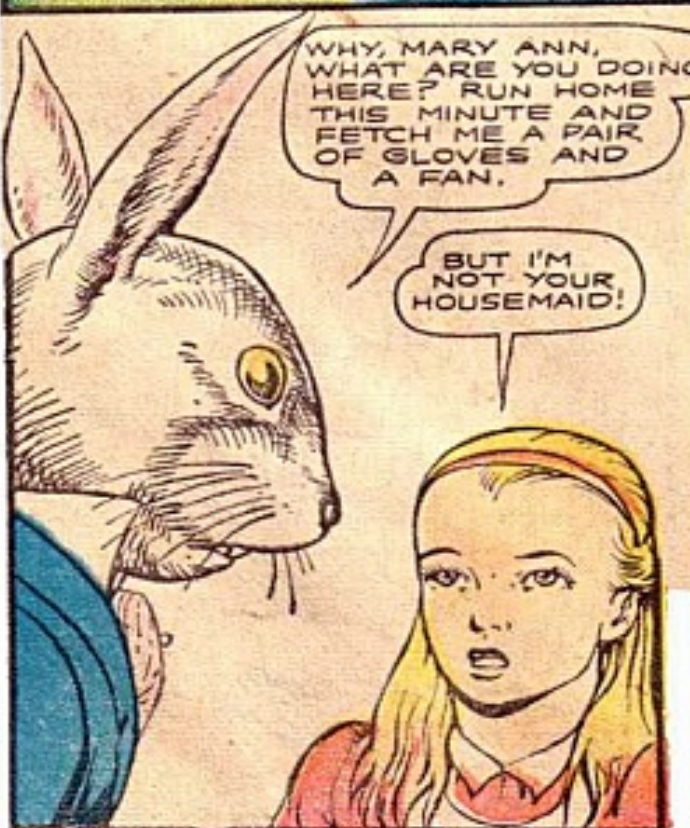


*FERRETS WEASEL-LIKE ANIMALS.

WHY, MARY ANN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? RUN HOME THIS MINUTE AND FETCH ME A PAIR OF GLOVES AND A FAN.

BUT I'M NOT YOUR HOUSEMAID!

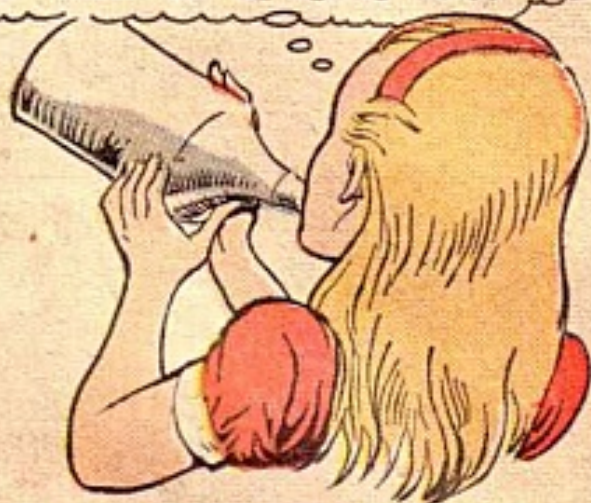
HOW SURPRISED HE'LL BE WHEN HE FINDS OUT WHO I REALLY AM. BUT I'D BETTER TAKE HIM HIS GLOVES AND FAN... THAT IS, IF I CAN FIND THEM...



MY GOODNESS! ALL
THE FANS AND GLOVES...
AND A BOTTLE.



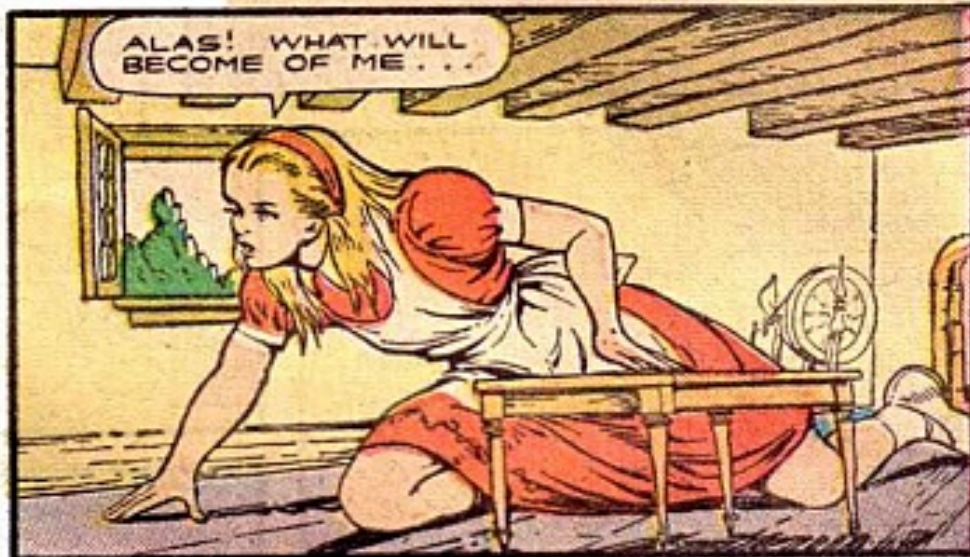
I KNOW SOMETHING INTERESTING IS
SURE TO HAPPEN WHENEVER I EAT
OR DRINK ANYTHING. I HOPE IT
MAKES ME GROW LARGE AGAIN. I'M
QUITE TIRED OF BEING SO TINY.



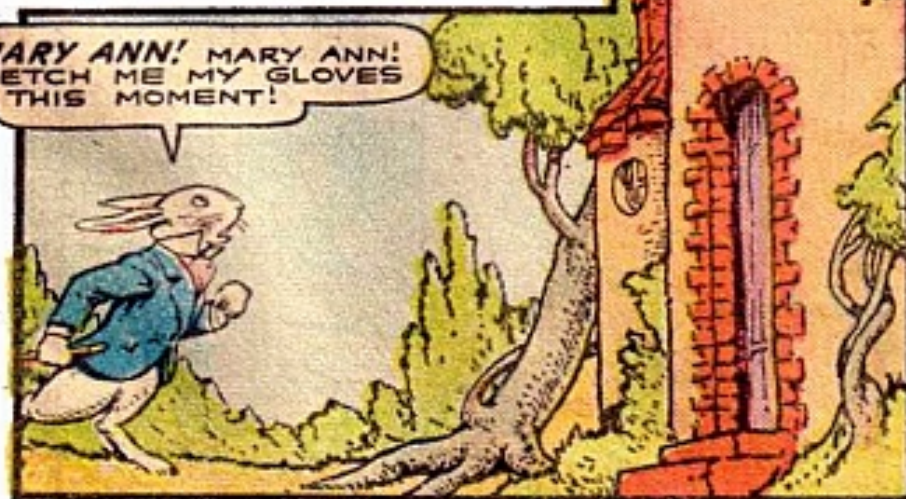
GRACIOUS! I'M BUMPING
THE CEILING. NOW, I
WISH I HADN'T DRUNK
SO MUCH...



ALAS! WHAT WILL
BECOME OF ME...



MARY ANN! MARY ANN!
FETCH ME MY GLOVES
THIS MOMENT!

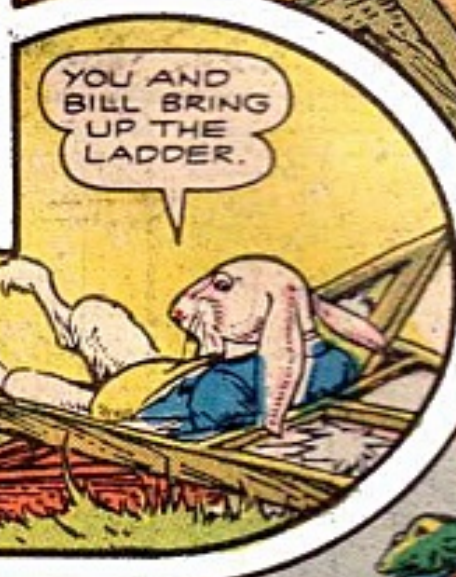


OOOH!
HELP!

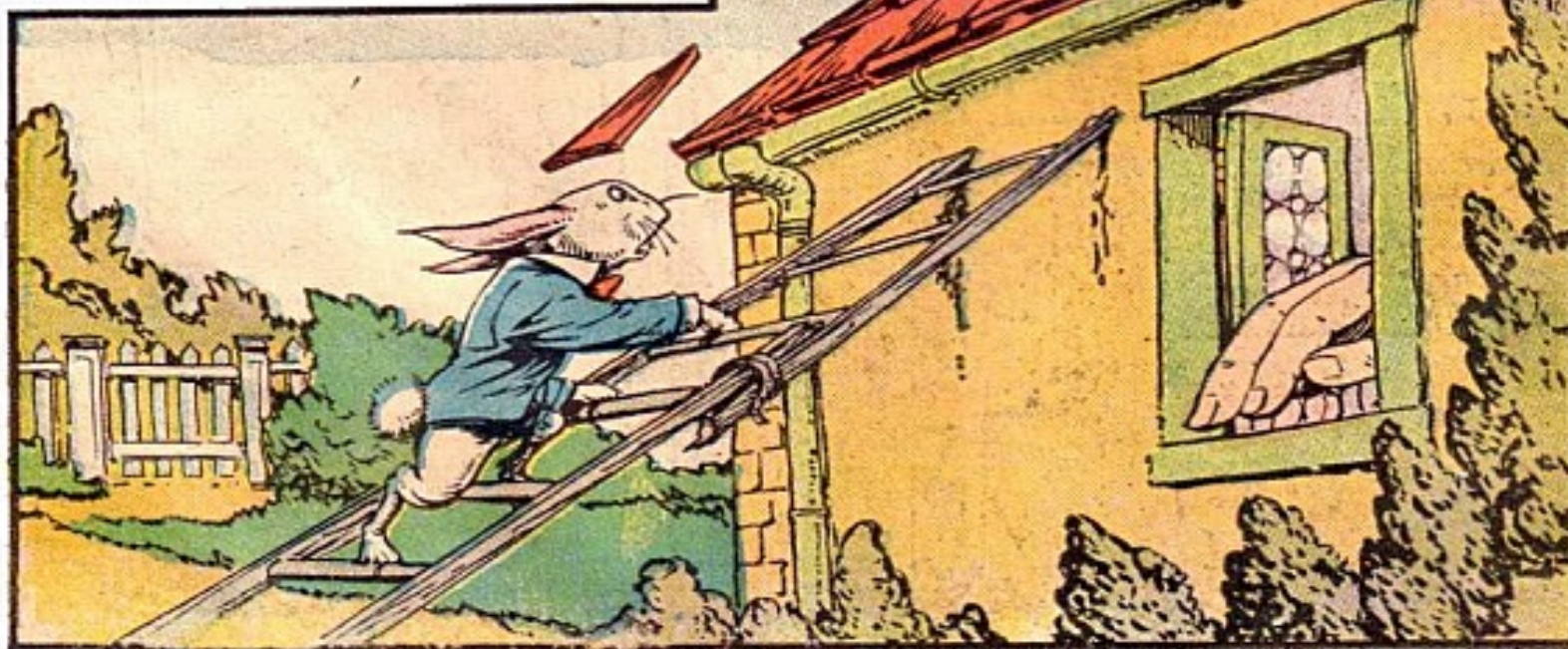




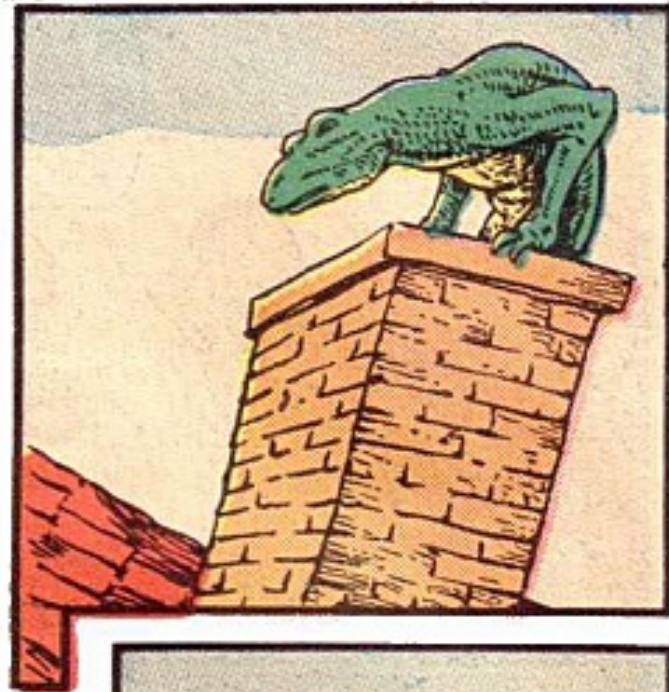
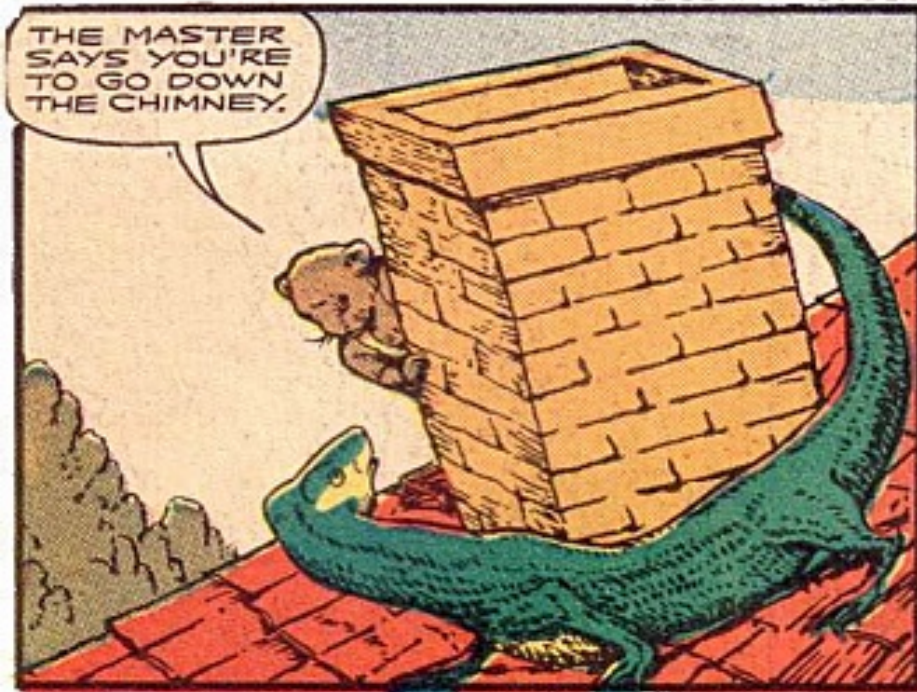
INDEED! COME
AND HELP ME.
WHAT'S THAT IN
THE WINDOW?



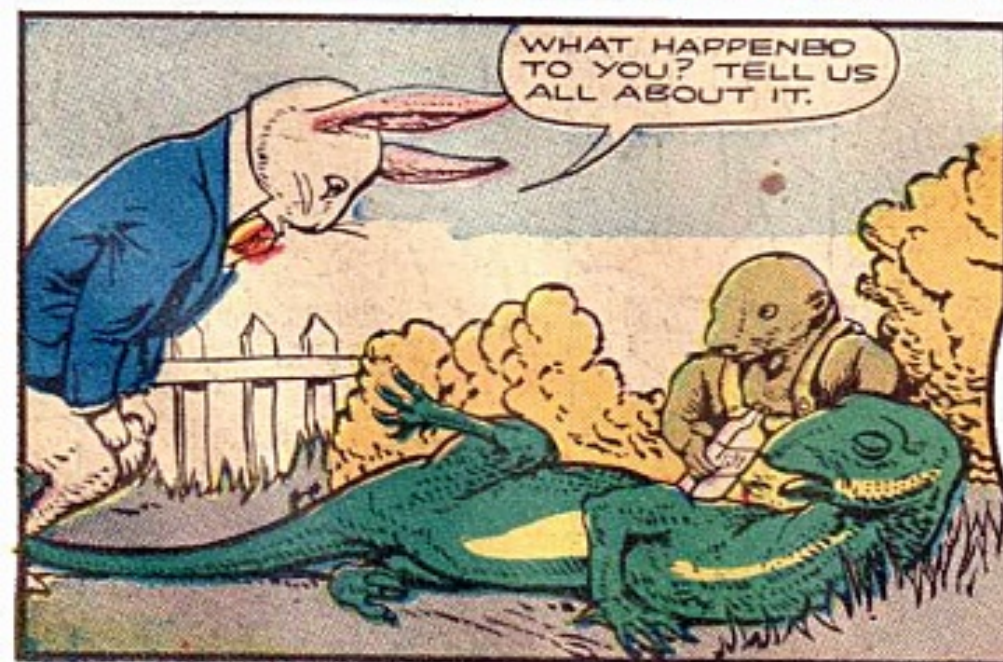
MIND THAT
LOOSE SLATE,
BELOW!



THE MASTER
SAYS YOU'RE
TO GO DOWN
THE CHIMNEY.



SO HE'S
COMING DOWN
THE CHIMNEY,
IS HE... WELL,
HERE'S A
LITTLE KICK!



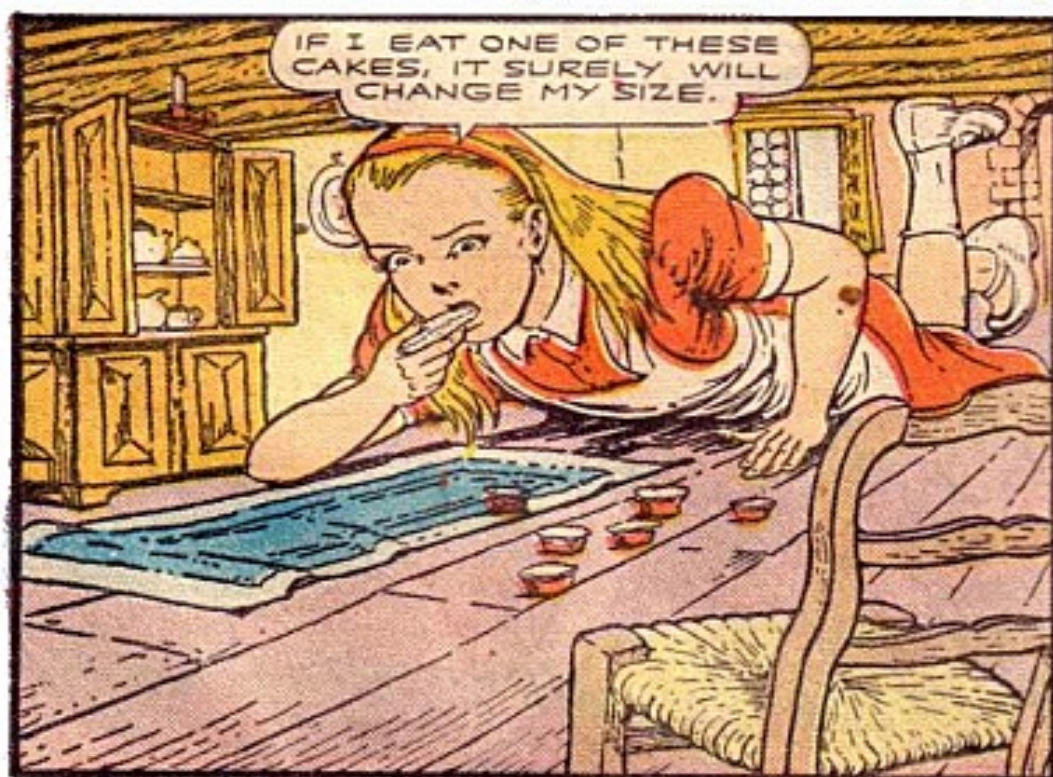
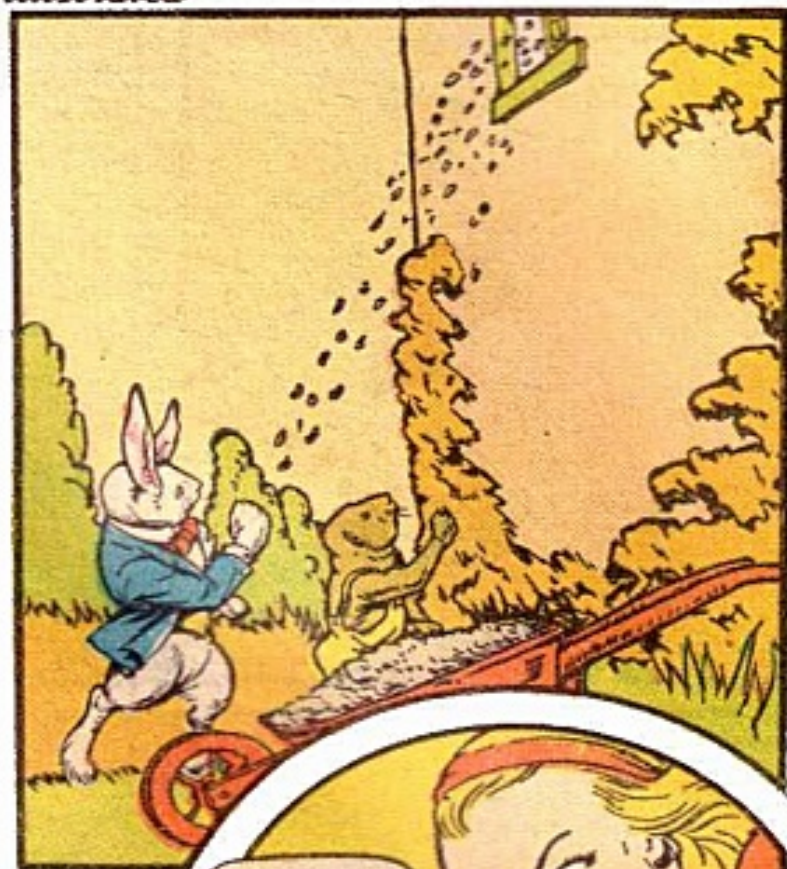
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU? TELL US
ALL ABOUT IT.

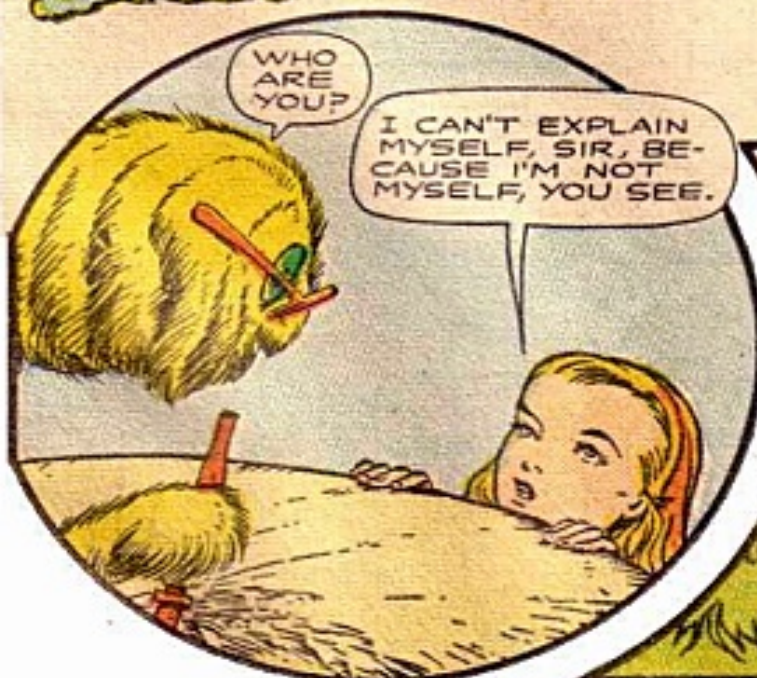
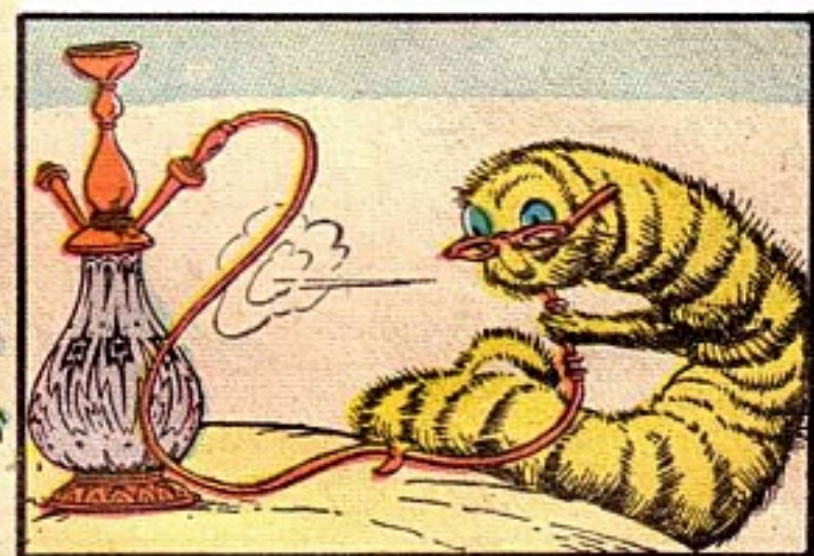
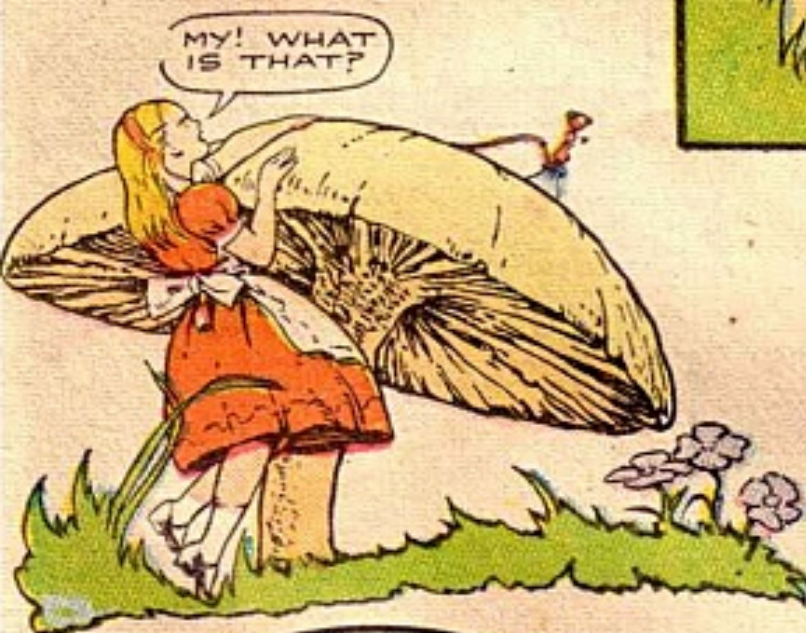


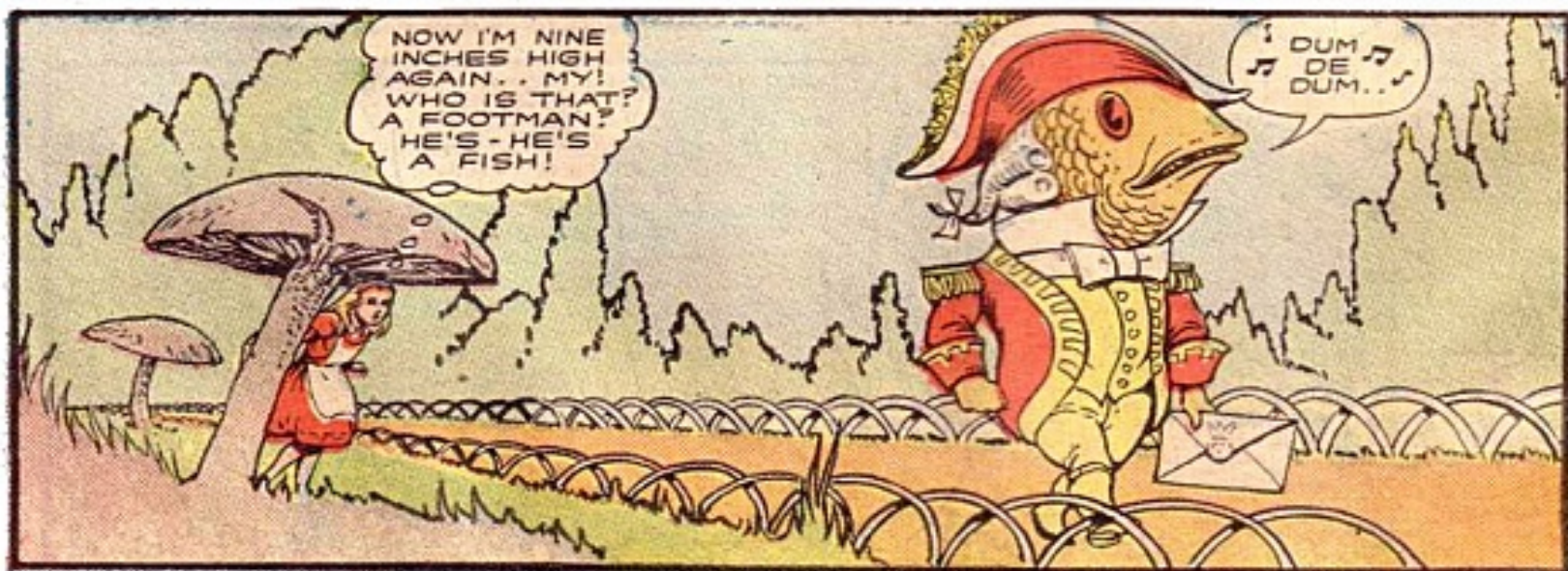
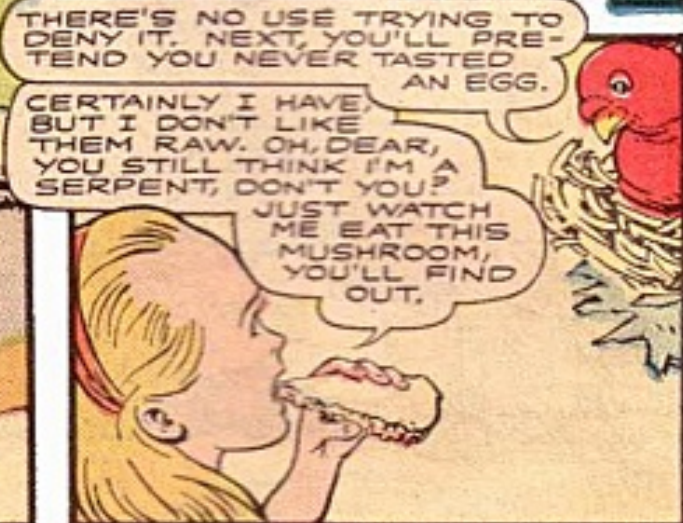
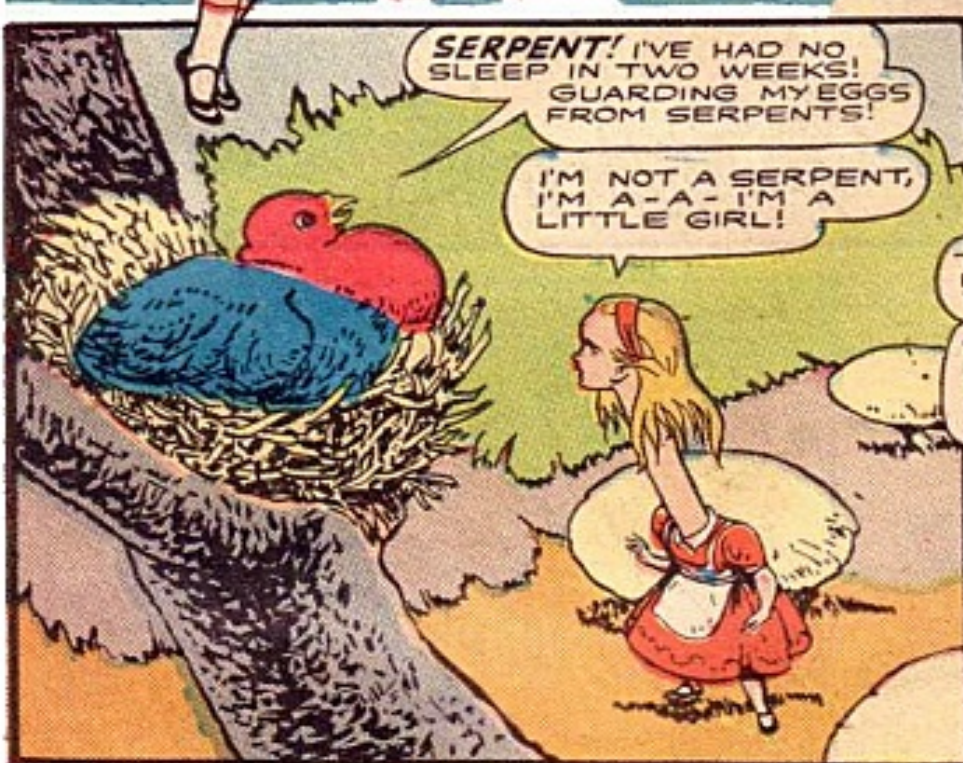
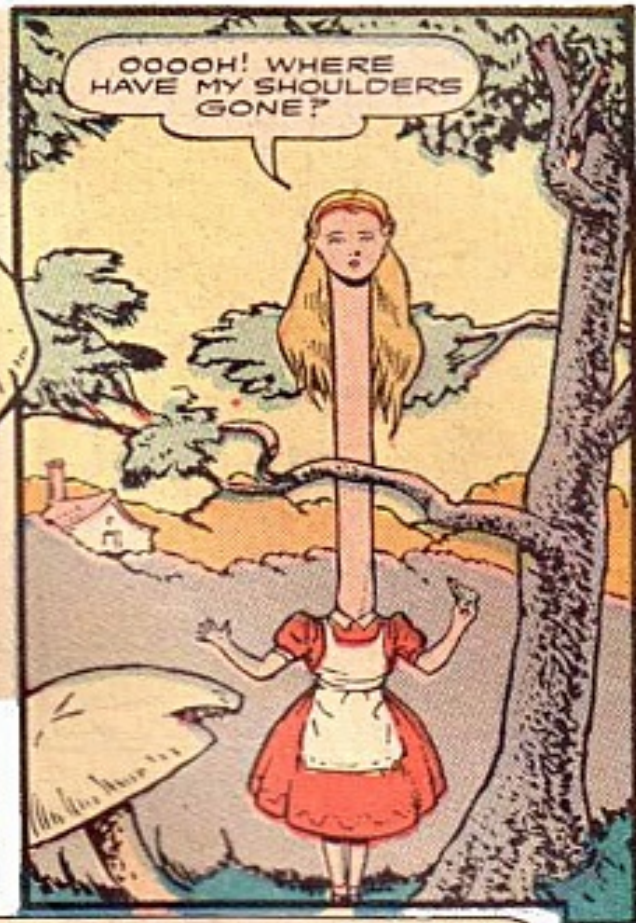
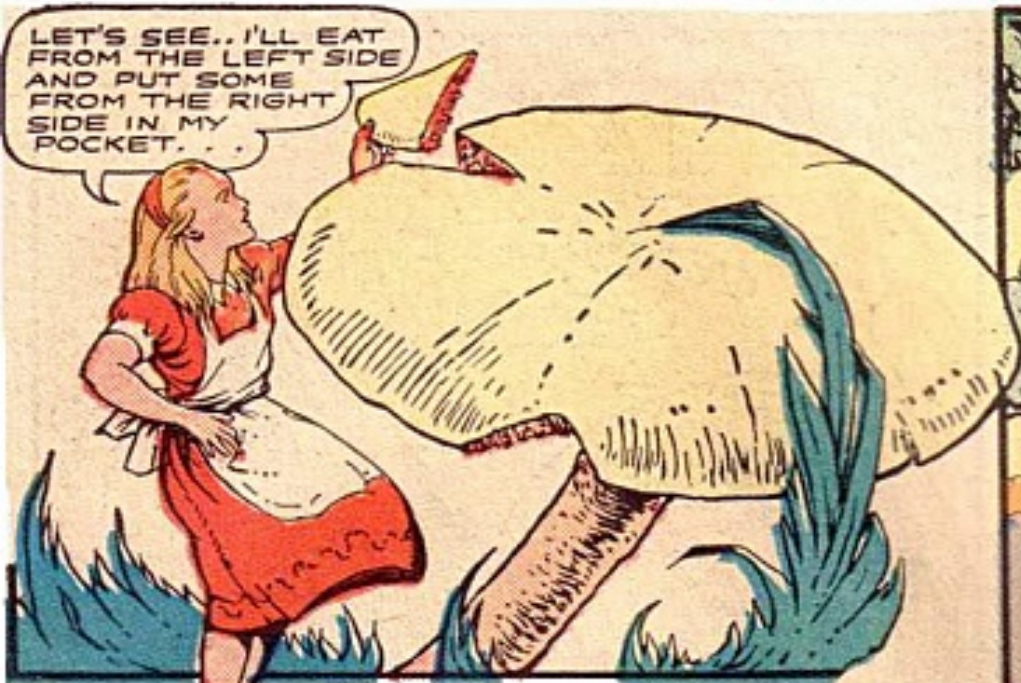
THERE
GOES
BILL.

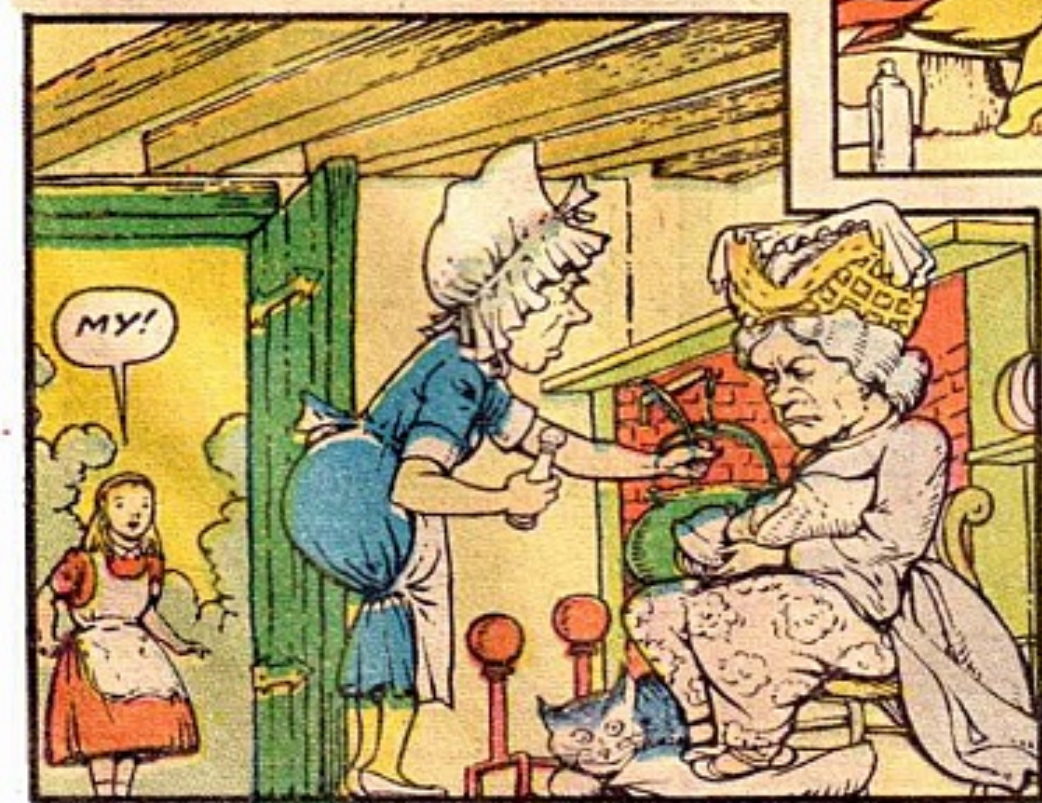
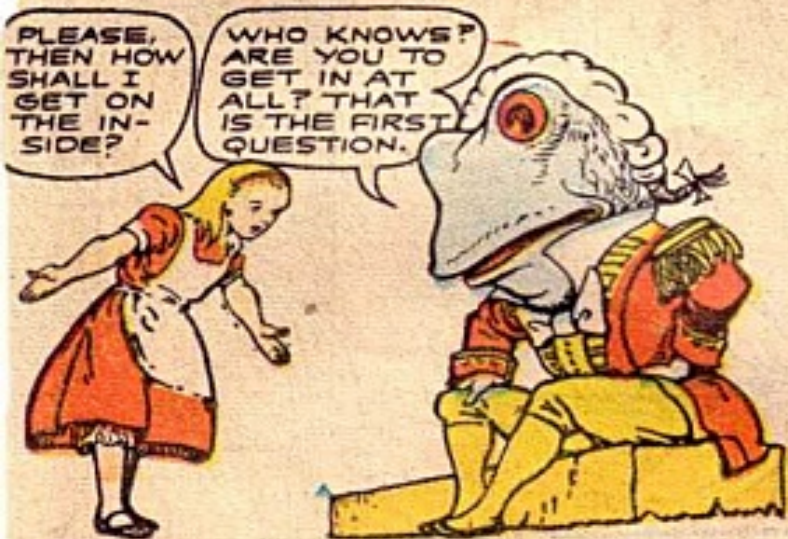
ALL I KNOW IS SOME-
THING COMES AT ME
LIKE A JACK-IN-THE-
BOX AND UP I GOES
LIKE A SKYROCKET.

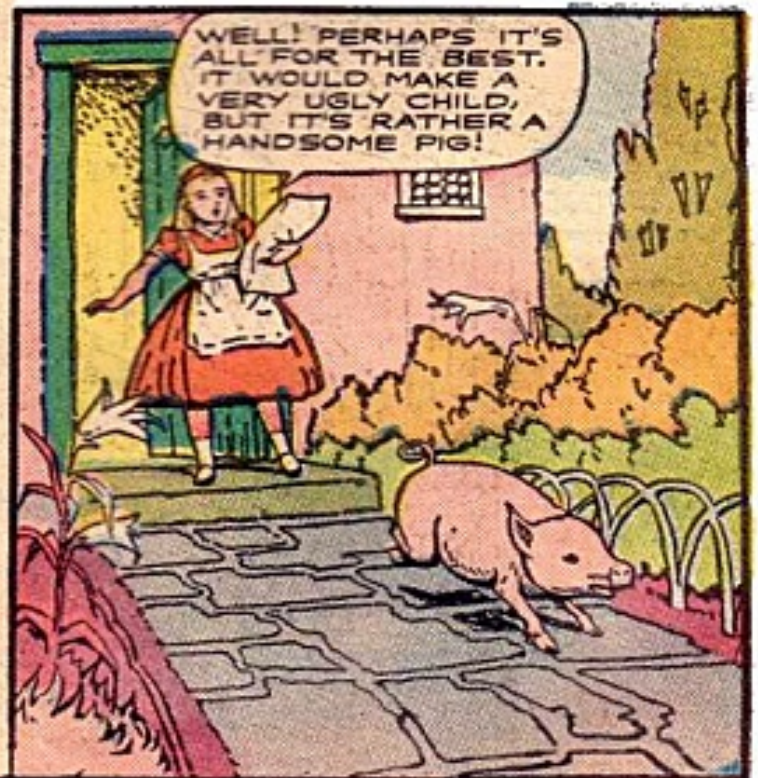
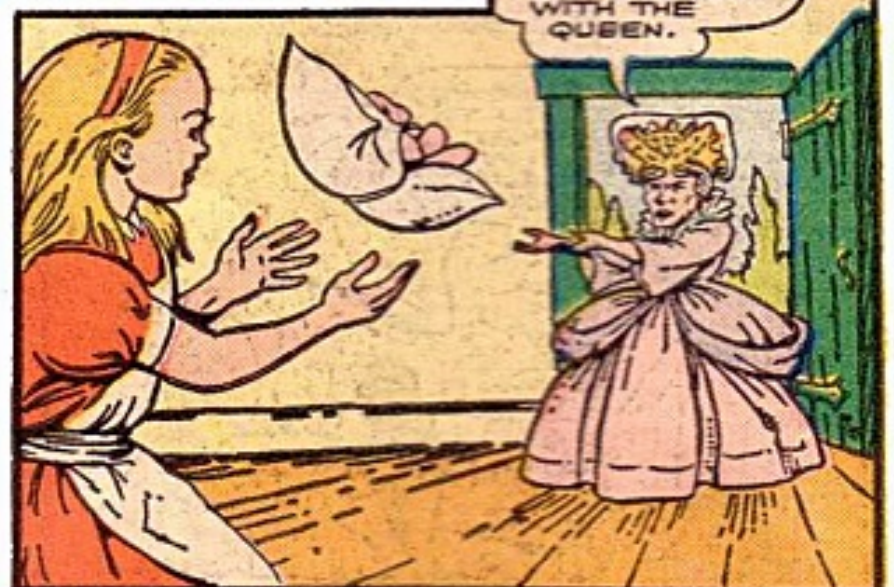
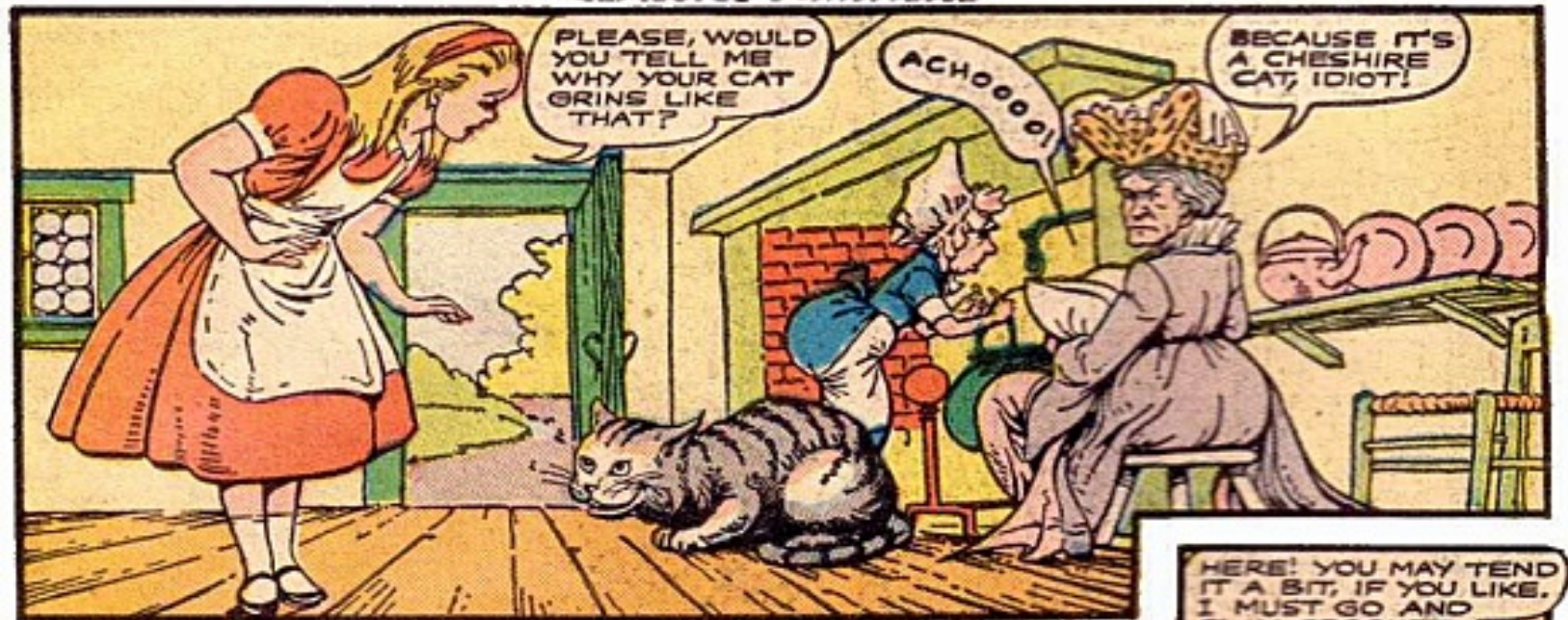






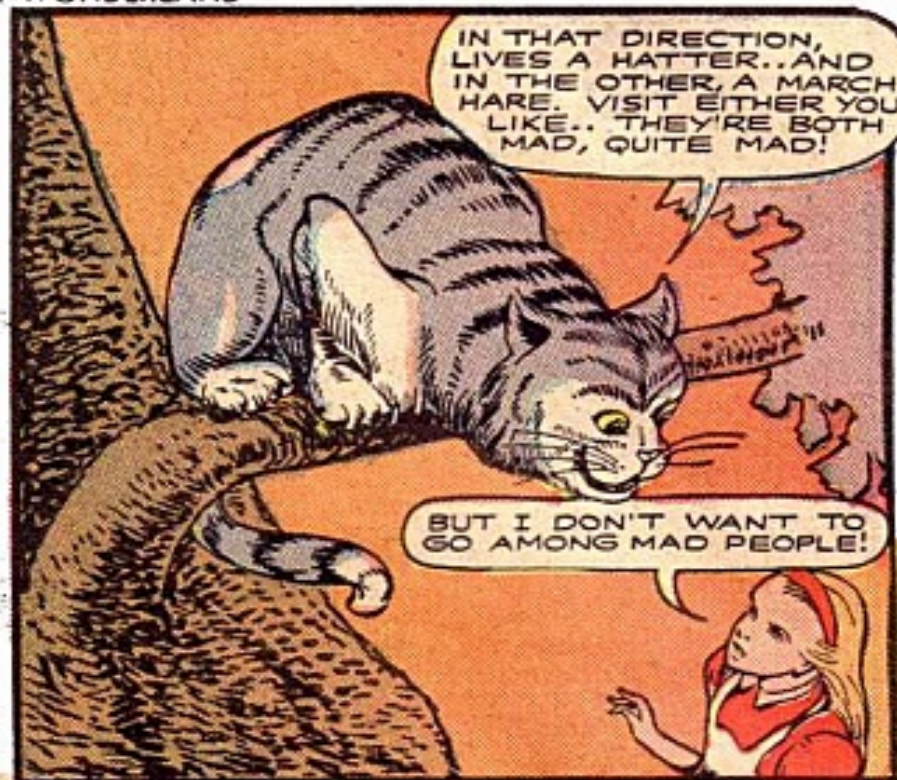






NOW, WHERE
SHALL I GO
FROM HERE..

WHERE DO
YOU WANT
TO GET?



IN THAT DIRECTION,
LIVES A HATTER..AND
IN THE OTHER, A MARCH
HARE. VISIT EITHER YOU
LIKE.. THEY'RE BOTH
MAD, QUITE MAD!

BUT I DON'T WANT TO
GO AMONG MAD PEOPLE!



NONSENSE! WE'RE
ALL MAD HERE! I
GROWL WHEN I'M
GLAD AND WAG
MY TAIL WHEN I'M
MAD. EVERY-
BODY'S MAD..
EVEN YOU!



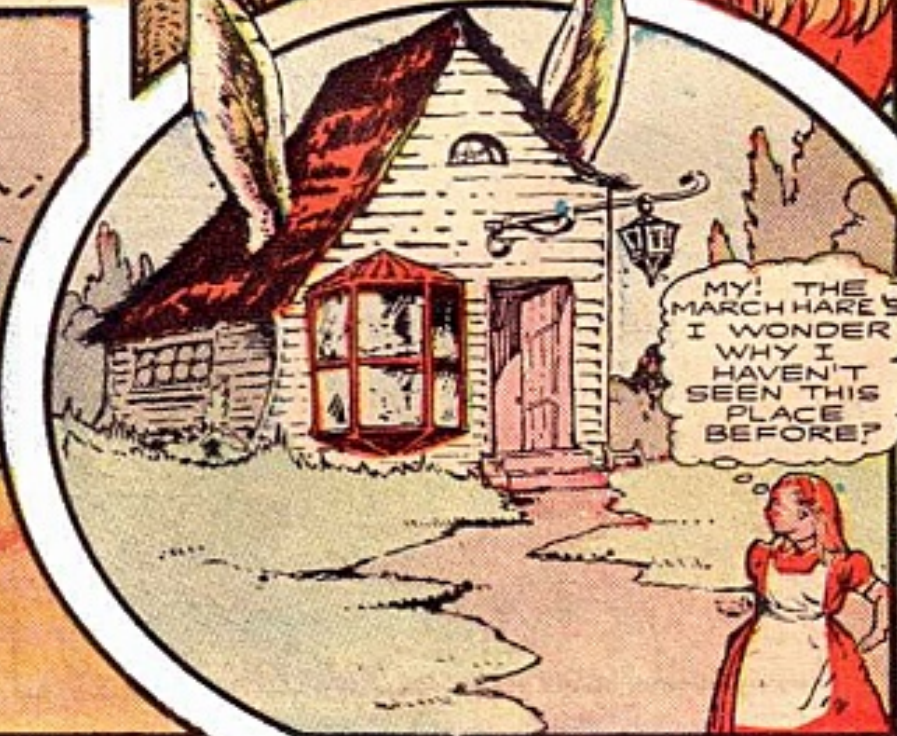
WHY DON'T YOU
VISIT THE QUEEN
AND PLAY
CROQUET?

NO.. I THINK
I'LL VISIT THE
HATTER.

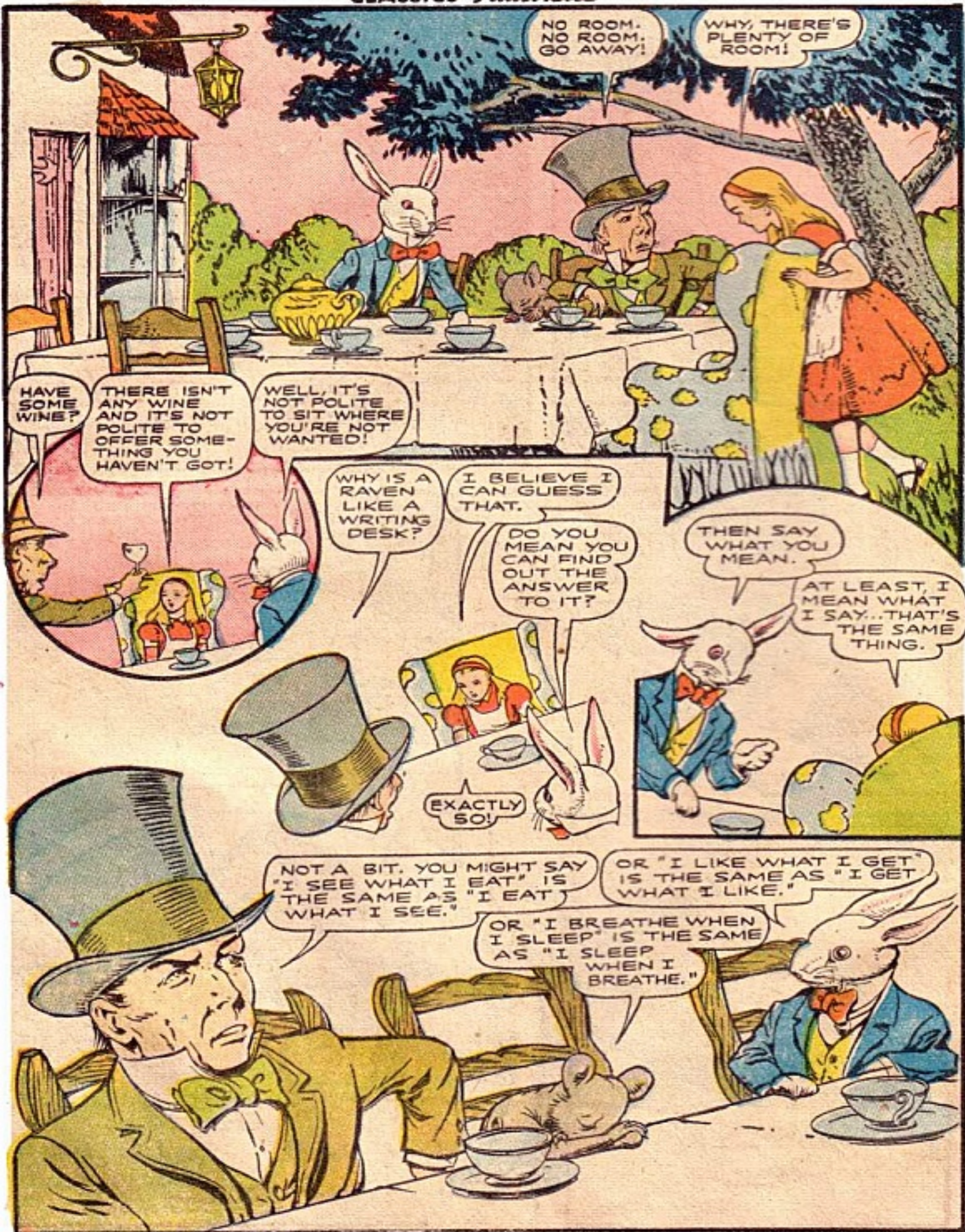
YOU'LL SEE
ME THERE.

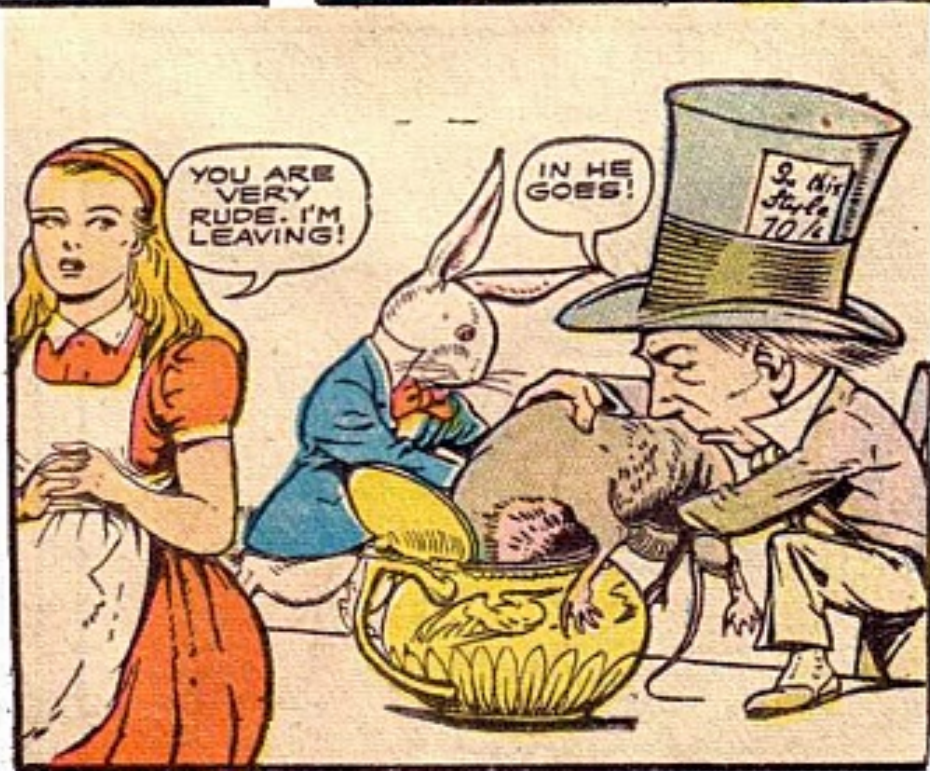
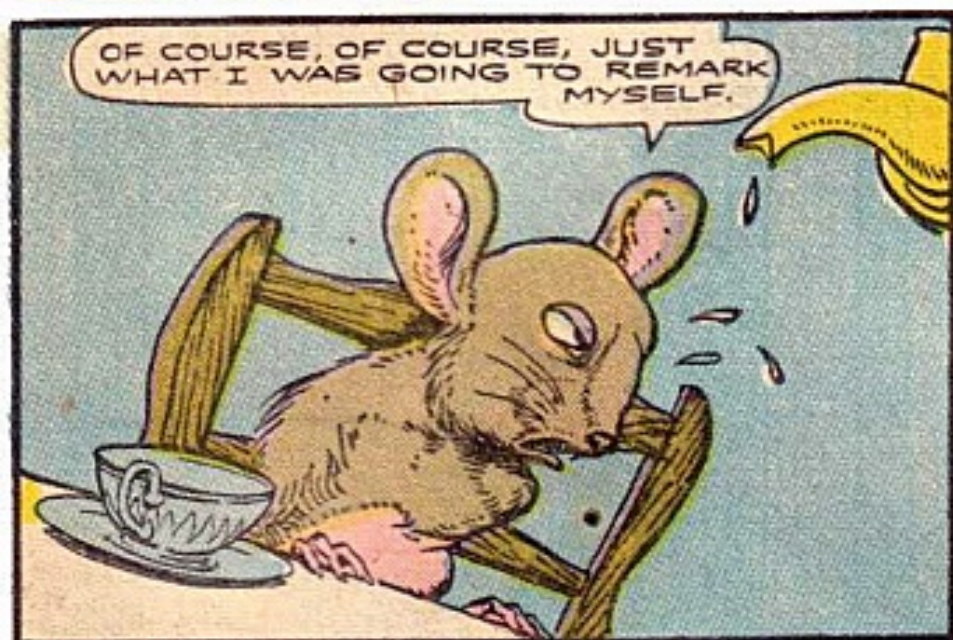


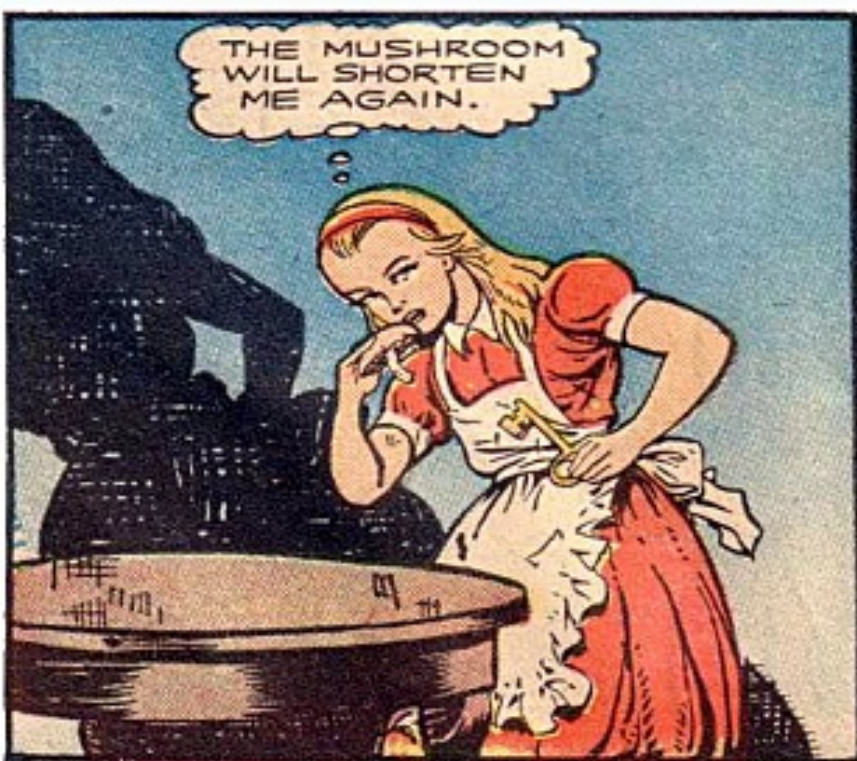
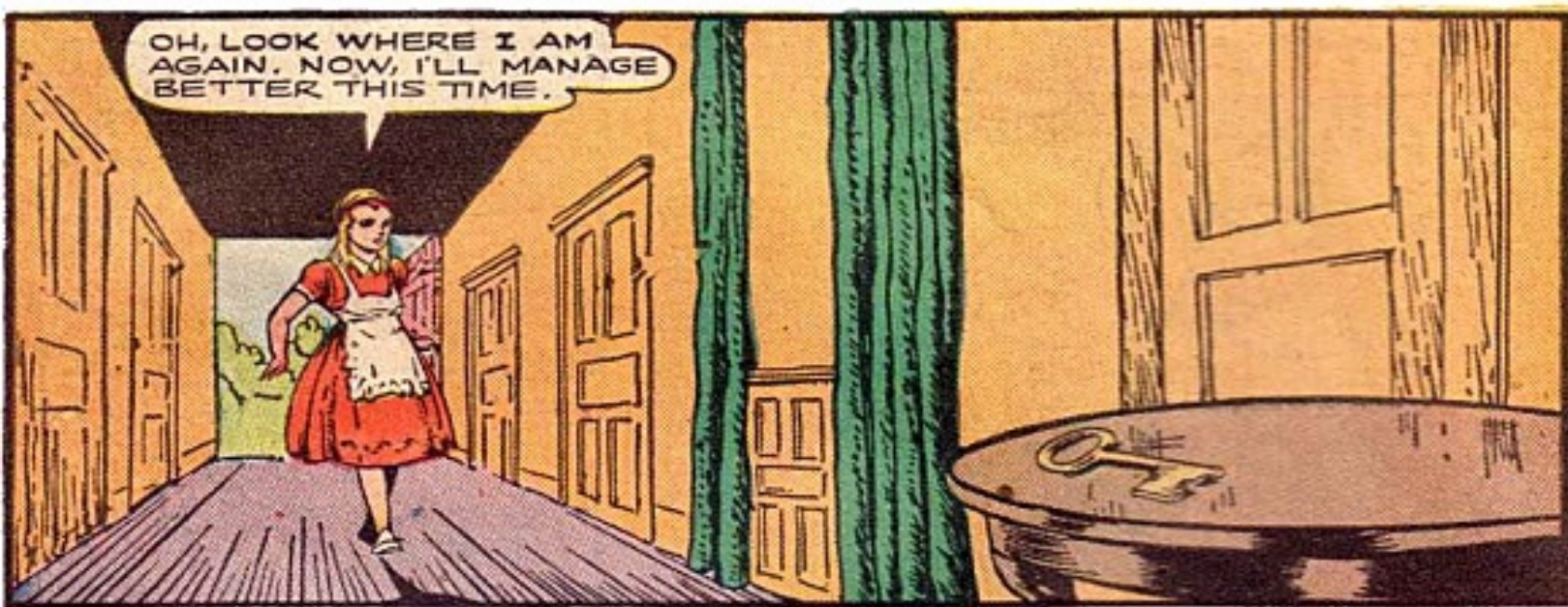
WELL! I'VE OFTEN SEEN
A CAT WITHOUT A GRIN,
BUT A GRIN WITHOUT A
CAT! IT'S THE MOST
CURIOUS THING I EVER
SAW IN MY LIFE!



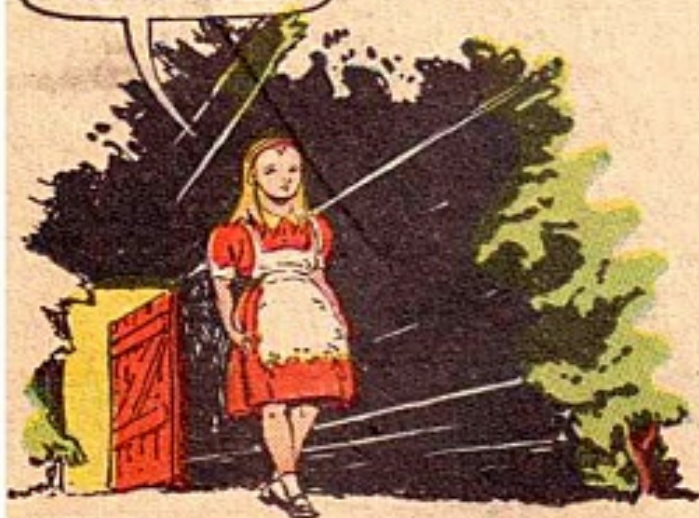
MY! THE
MARCH HARE'S!
I WONDER
WHY I
HAVEN'T
SEEN THIS
PLACE
BEFORE?



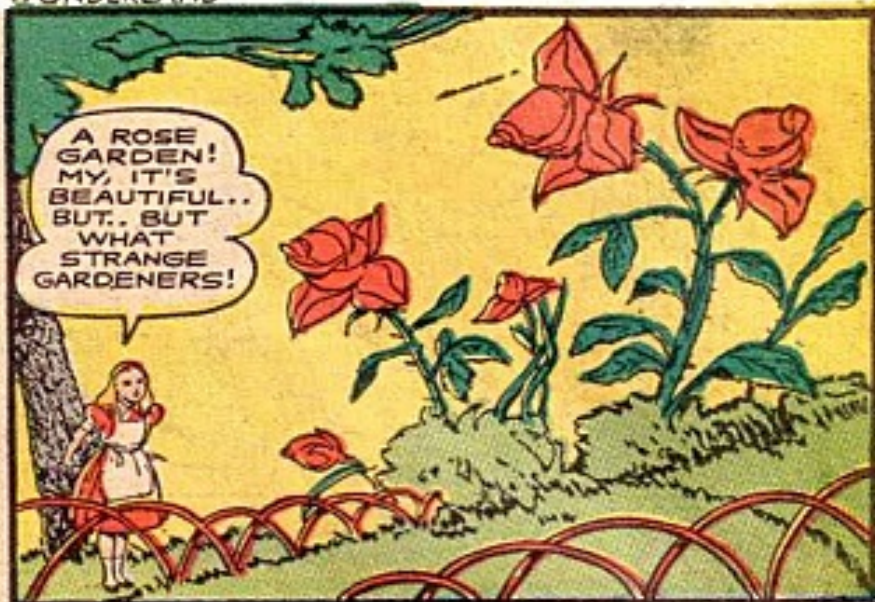




OH, LOOK AT THE GARDEN!



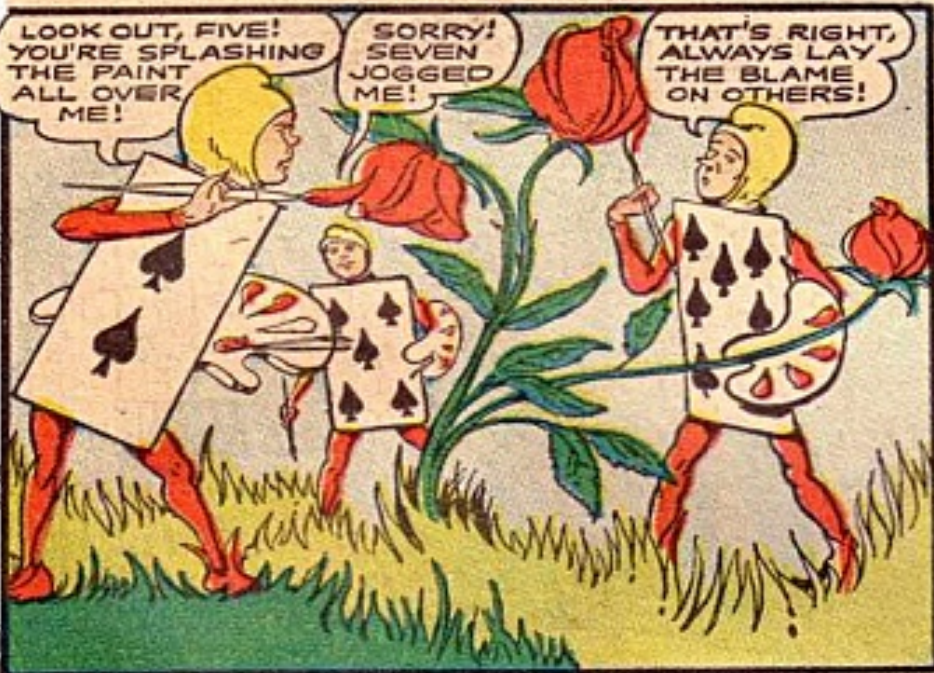
A ROSE GARDEN! MY, IT'S BEAUTIFUL... BUT.. BUT WHAT STRANGE GARDENERS!



LOOK OUT, FIVE! YOU'RE SPLASHING THE PAINT ALL OVER ME!

SORRY! SEVEN JOGGED ME!

THAT'S RIGHT, ALWAYS LAY THE BLAME ON OTHERS!

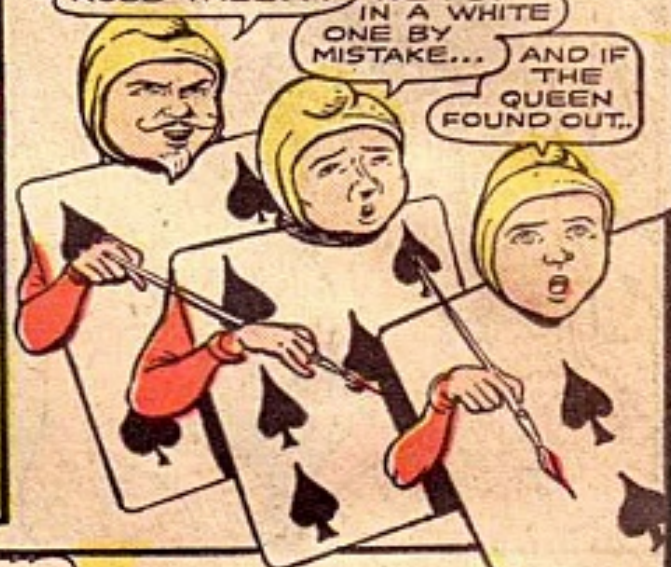


WOULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHY YOU'RE PAINTING THE ROSES?

WHY, YOU SEE, MISS, IT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN A RED ROSE TREE...

.. BUT WE PUT IN A WHITE ONE BY MISTAKE...

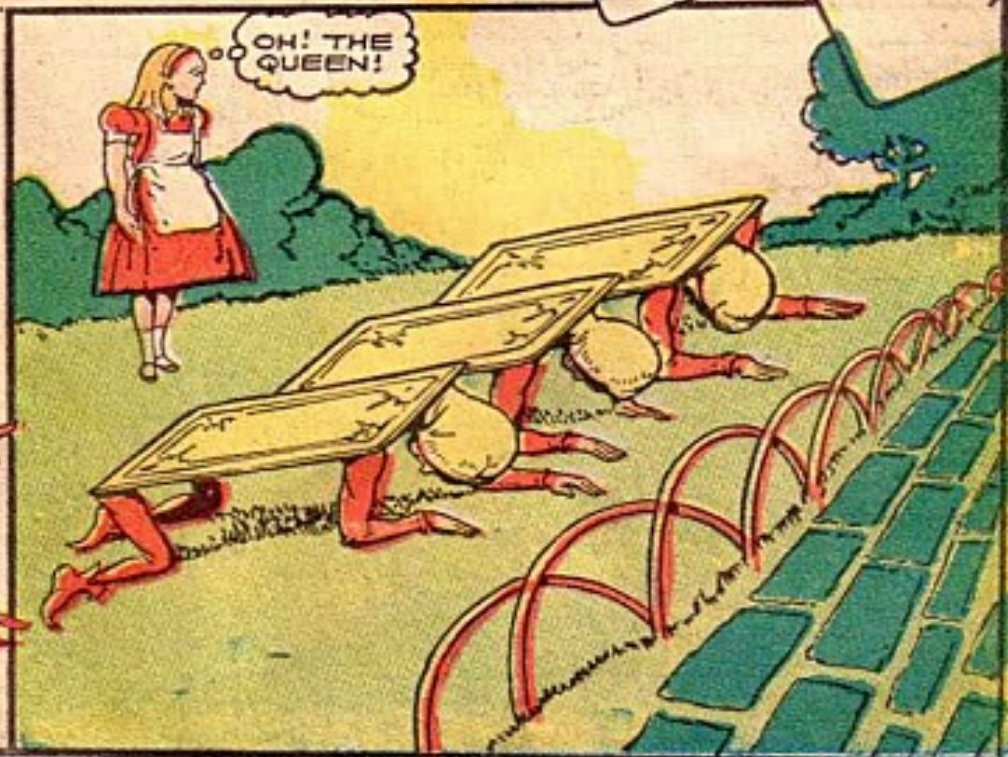
AND IF THE QUEEN FOUND OUT...

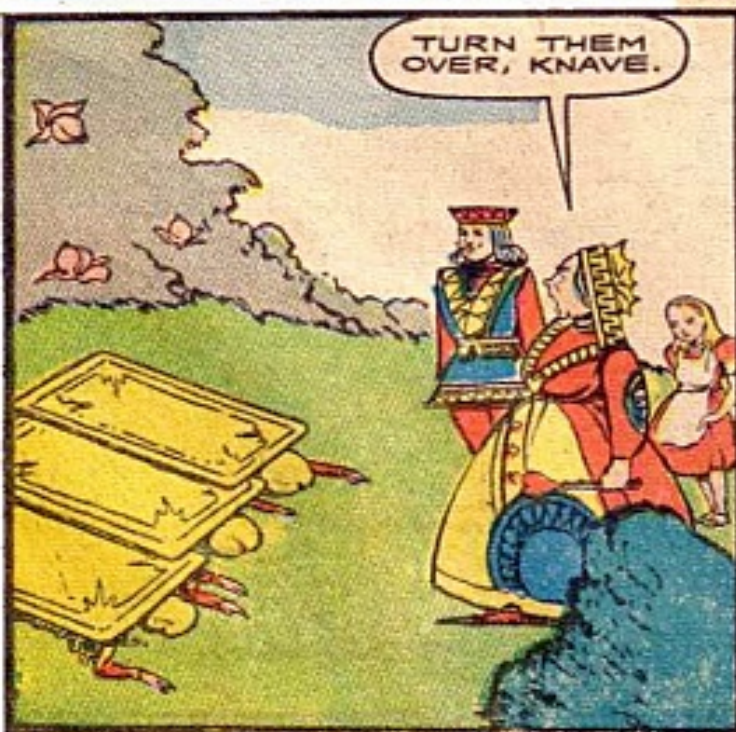
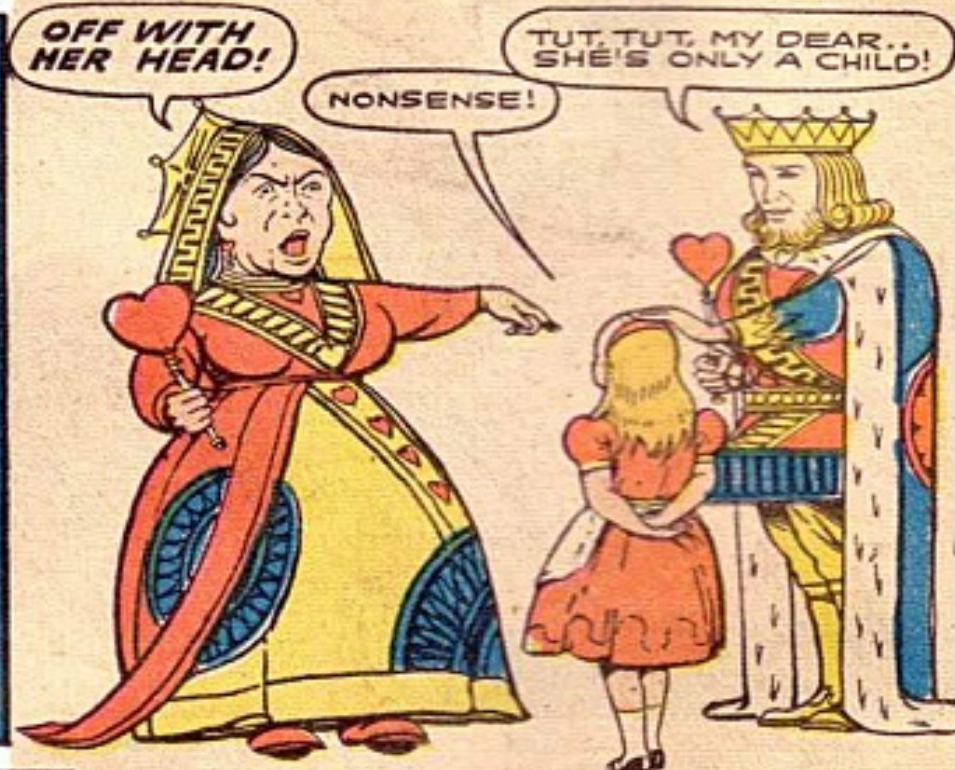
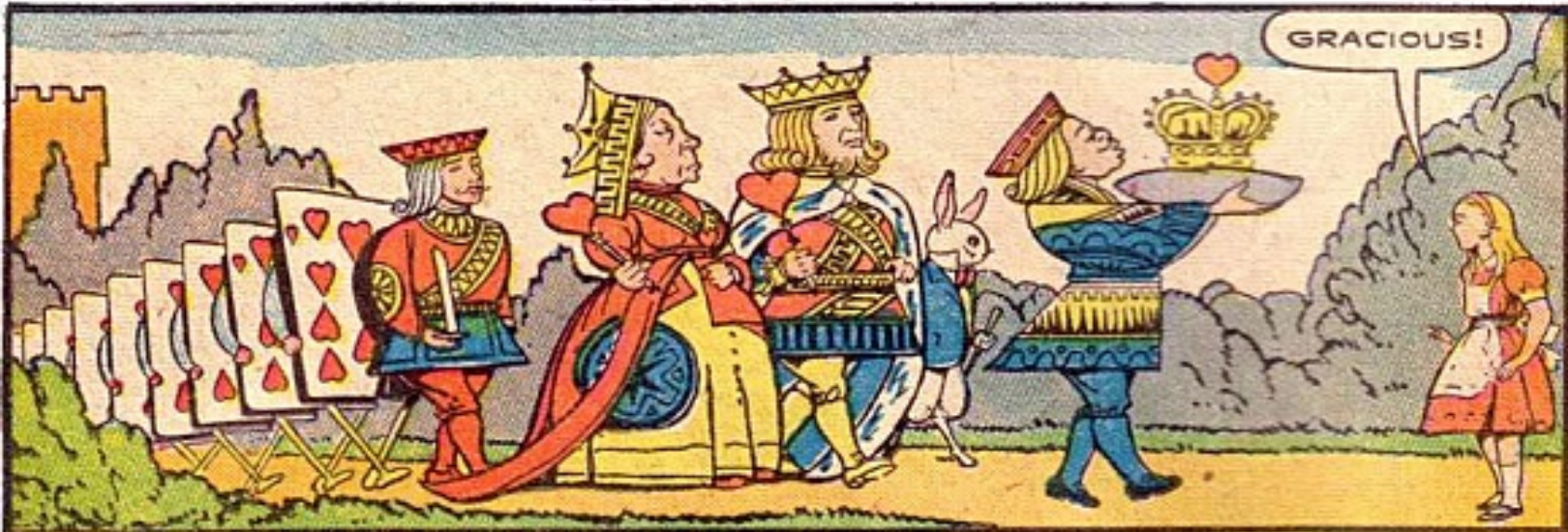


SHE'D BEHEAD US... LOOK! HERE SHE COMES!



OH! THE QUEEN!





PSST! THE QUEEN IS EXAMINING THE PAINTED ROSES. YOU HIDE HERE, YOU'LL BE SAFE!

OH, THANK YOU.

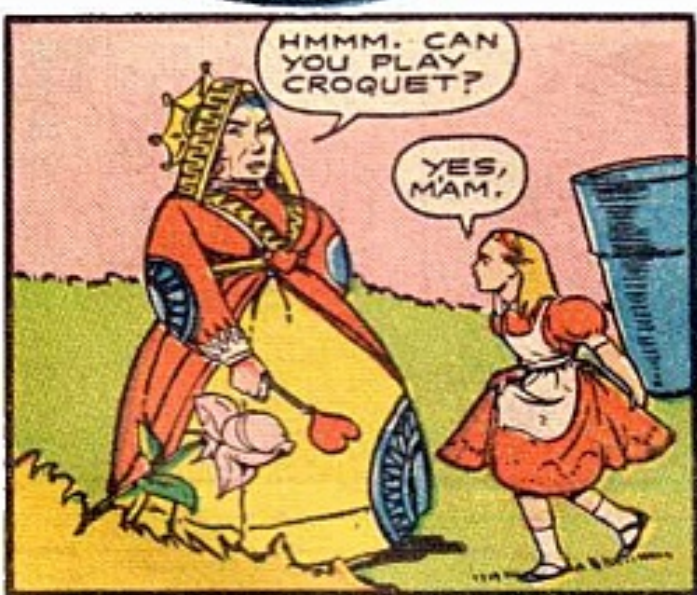
WELL? ARE THEIR HEADS OFF?

THEIR HEADS ARE GONE, YOUR MAJESTY!



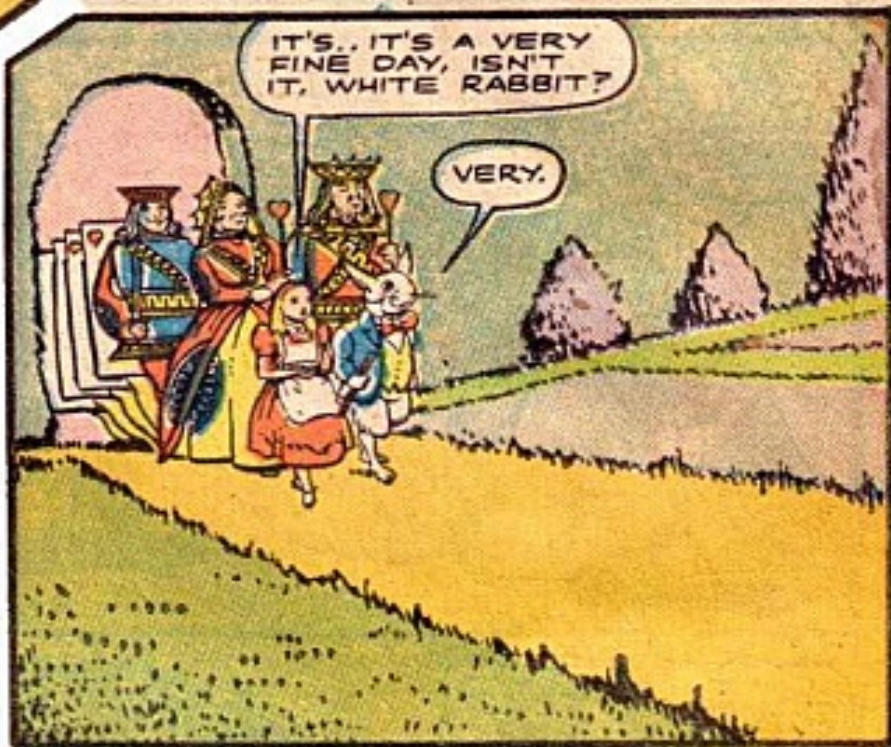
HMMM. CAN YOU PLAY CROQUET?

YES, MAM.



IT'S.. IT'S A VERY FINE DAY, ISN'T IT, WHITE RABBIT?

VERY.



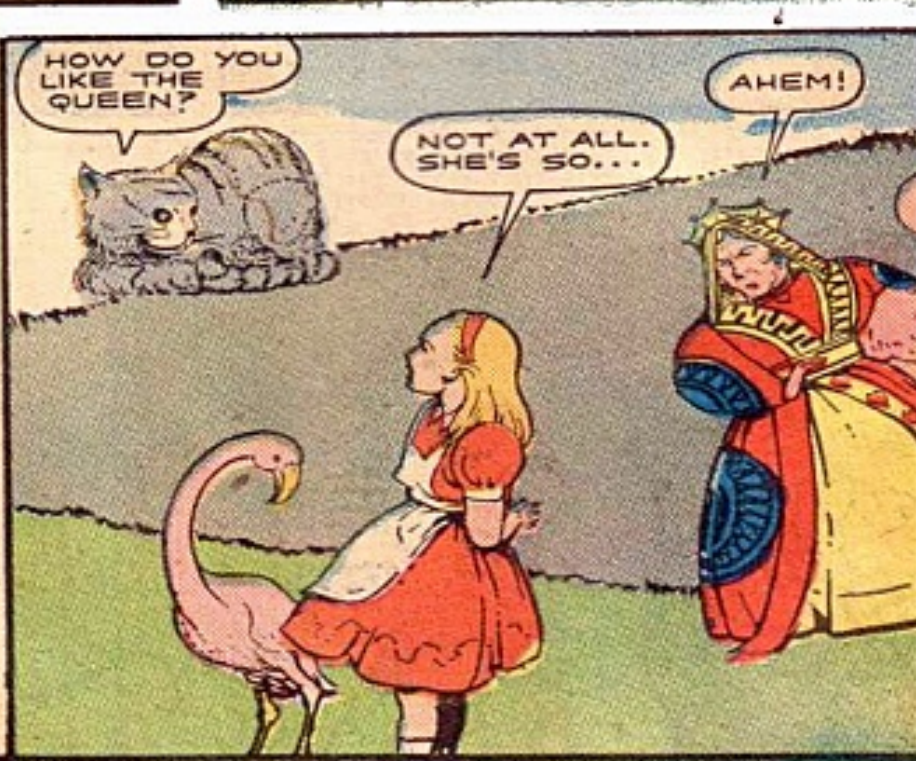
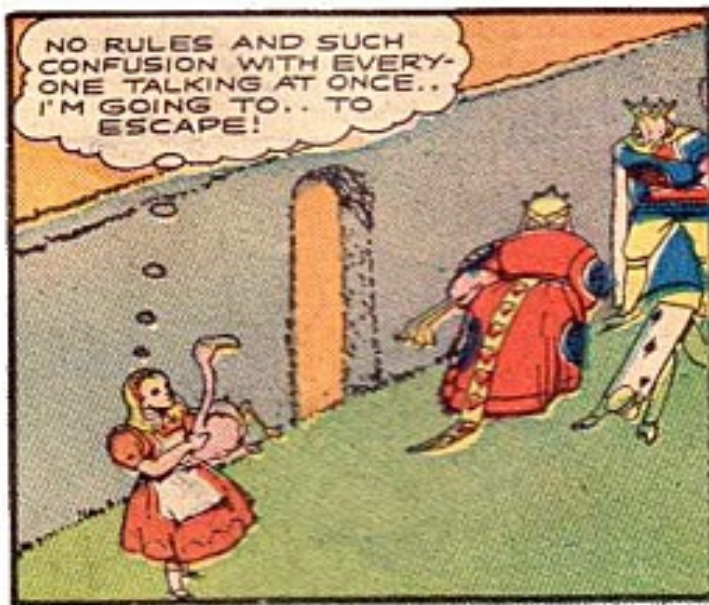
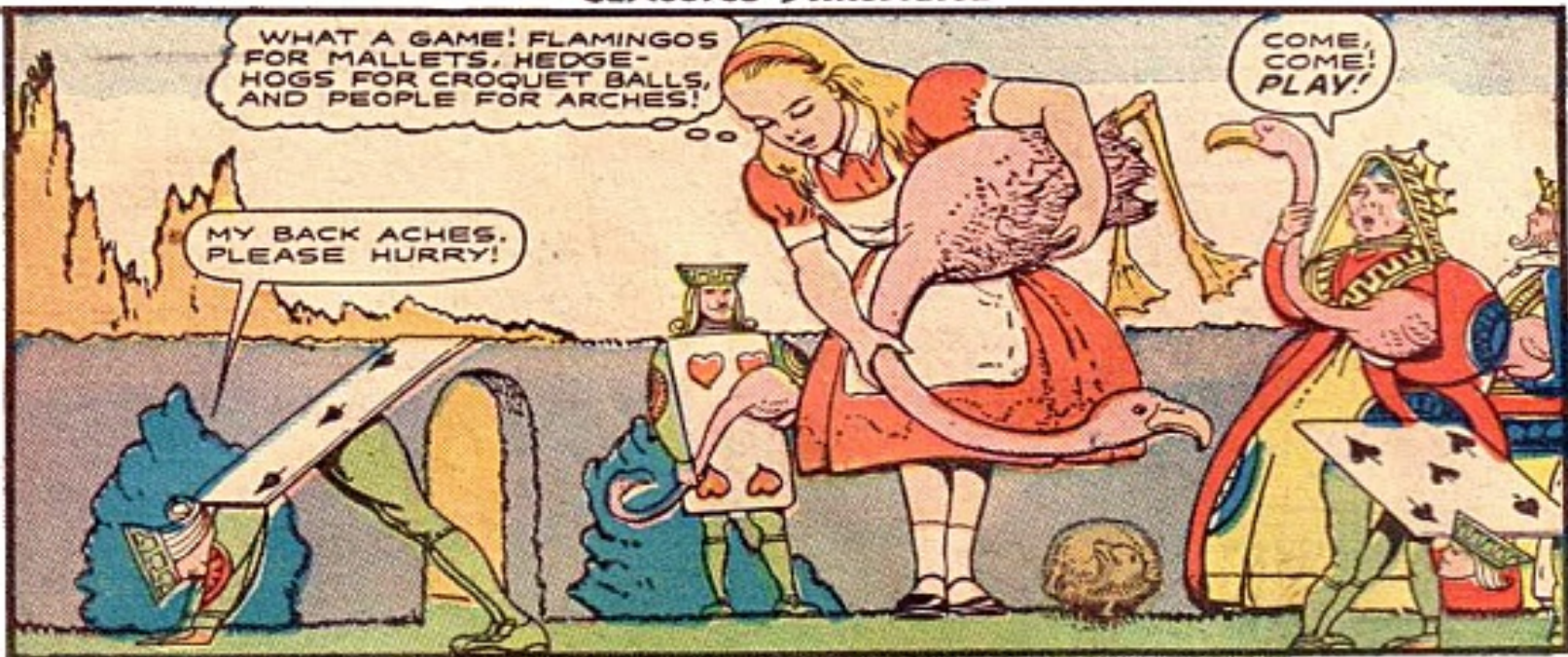
WHERE'S THE DUCHESS?

SHE IS AWAITING EXECUTION. SHE CAME LATE FOR HER APPOINTMENT AND WHEN THE QUEEN SCOLDED HER FOR DOING SO.. SHE BOXED THE QUEEN'S EARS!



SILENCE! GET INTO YOUR PLACES!





SO LIKELY
TO WIN!



WHO ARE YOU
TALKING TO?

A FRIEND. DO
YOU WANT TO
MEET HIM?



YOU MAY
KISS MY
HAND!

I'D RATHER
NOT!



DON'T BE SO IMPUDENT!
AND DON'T LOOK AT ME
LIKE THAT!

A CAT MAY LOOK AT
A KING. I'VE READ
THAT IN SOME BOOK,
BUT I DON'T RE-
MEMBER WHERE...

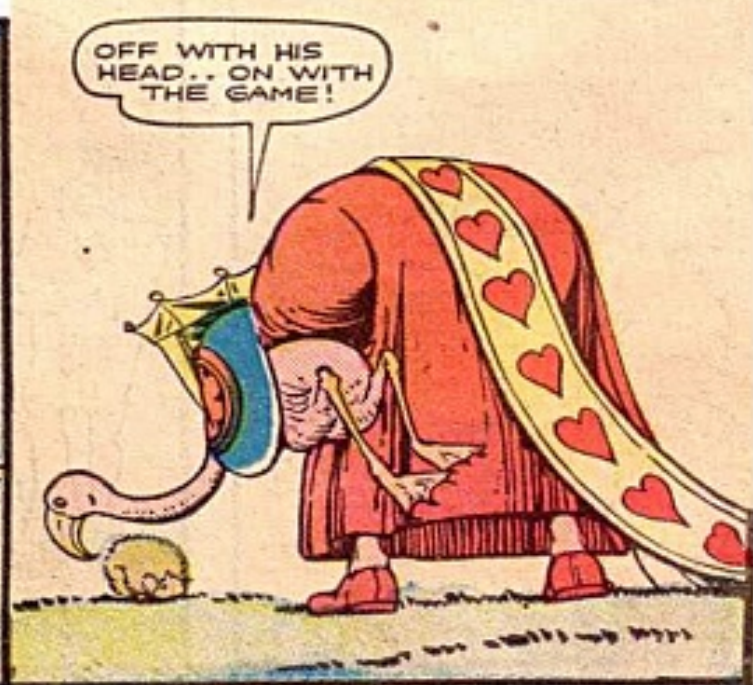


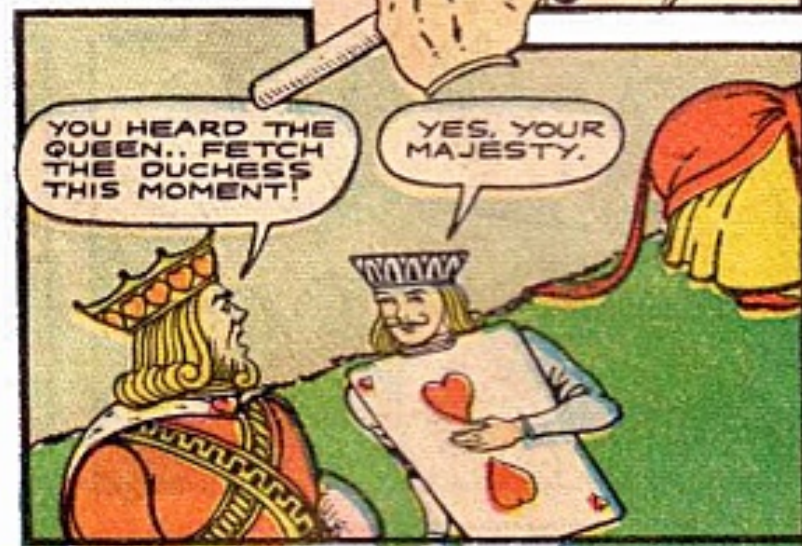
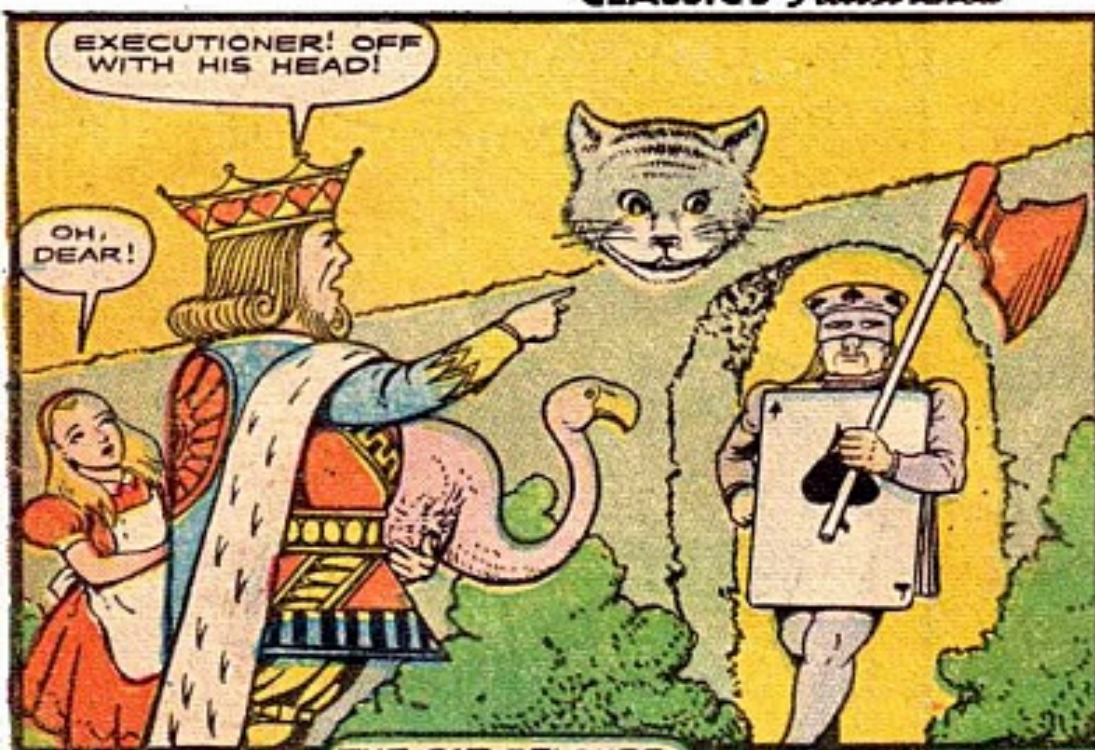
HMPF!

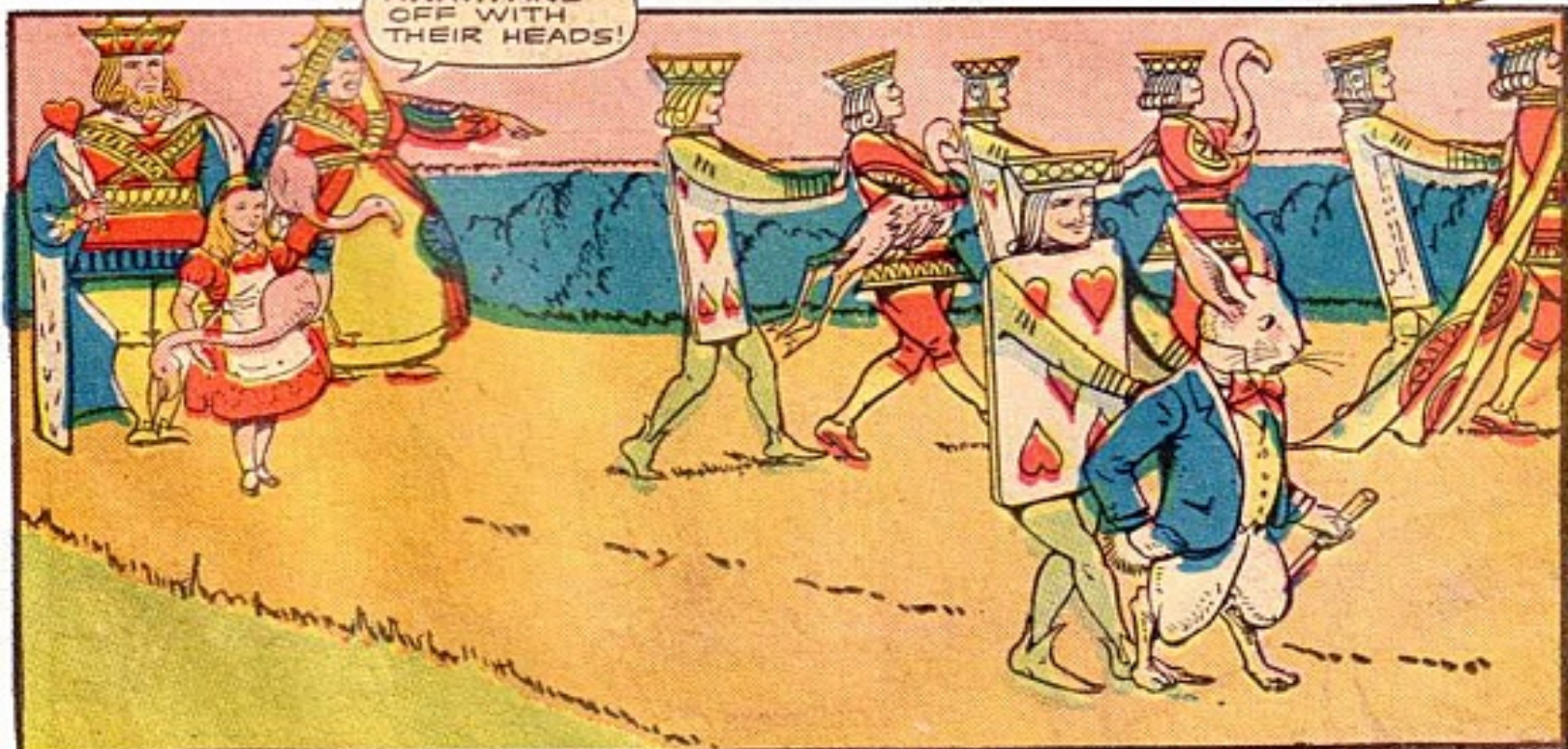
WELL, DO SOMETHING,
MY DEAR! HAVE IT
REMOVED!

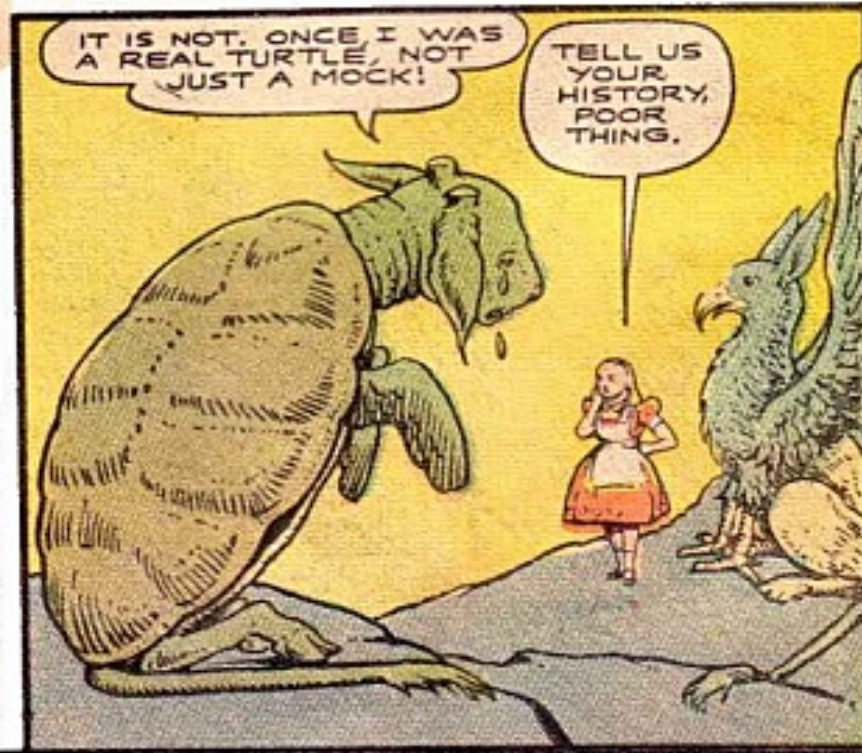
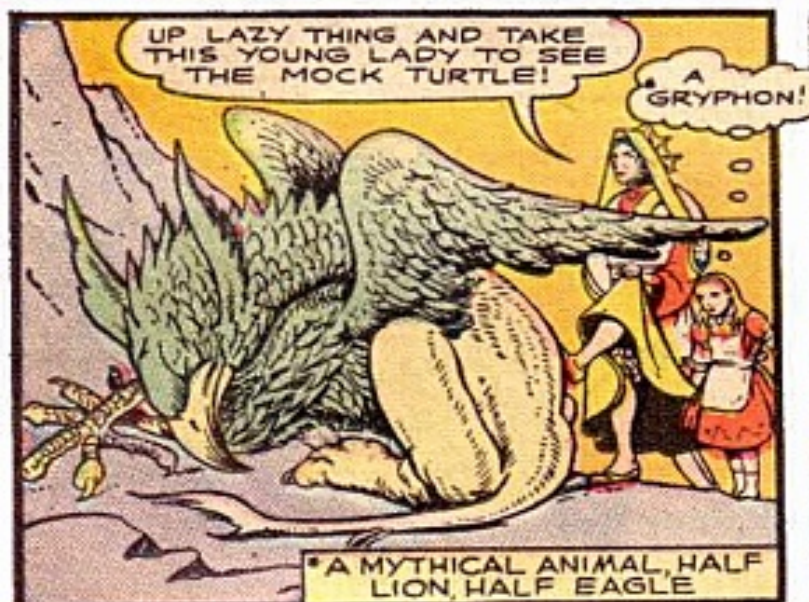
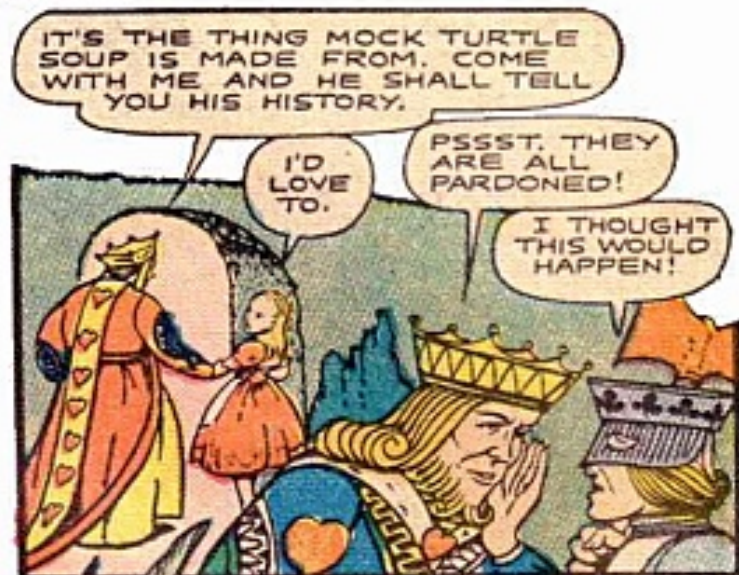
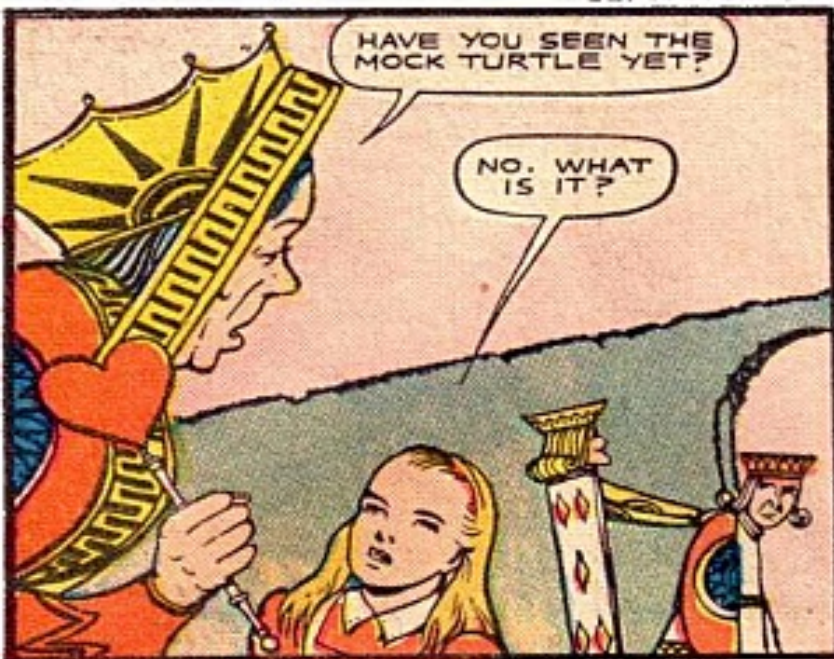


OFF WITH HIS
HEAD... ON WITH
THE GAME!









SOB... BOO HOO
HOO... SOB...

DON'T CRY,
POOR THING!

HE IS PROBABLY
GOING TO TELL
YOU ABOUT THE
LOBSTER
QUADRILLE.

IT'S A WONDERFUL GAME.
YOUR PARTNER IS A
LOBSTER AND YOU END UP
BY THROWING HIM AS FAR
AS YOU CAN INTO THE SEA.

IT SOUNDS VERY
CURIOUS, BUT
HARDLY SAD!

BAH! HE'S
ALWAYS
CRYING!

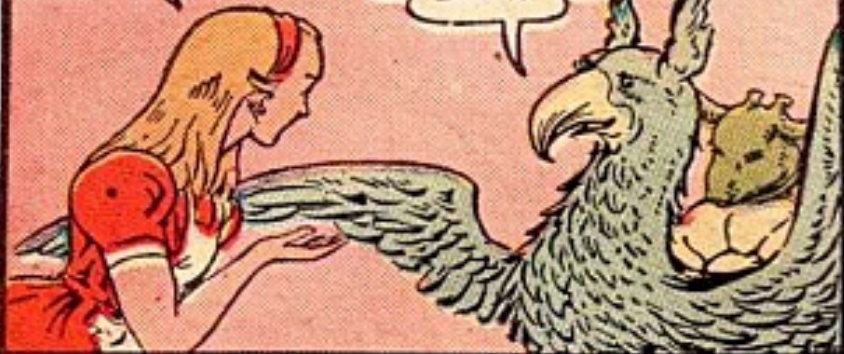
IT MUST BE A VERY
PRETTY DANCE. I'D
LIKE TO SEE IT.

"WILL YOU WALK A LITTLE FASTER?" SAID A WHITING* TO A
SNAIL,
"THERE'S A PORPOISE CLOSE BEHIND US, AND HE'S
TREADING ON MY TAIL.
SEE HOW EAGERLY THE LOBSTERS AND THE TURTLES ALL
ADVANCE!
THEY ARE WAITING ON THE SHINGLE - WILL YOU COME AND
JOIN THE DANCE?
WILL YOU, WON'T YOU, WILL YOU, WON'T YOU, WILL YOU
JOIN THE DANCE?
WILL YOU, WON'T YOU, WILL YOU, WON'T YOU, WON'T
YOU JOIN THE DANCE?"

*A SMALL EUROPEAN
GADOID (COD FAMILY)
FOOD-FISH

THANK YOU. I DO SO LIKE THAT CURIOUS SONG ABOUT THE WHITING.

DO YOU KNOW WHY IT'S CALLED A WHITING? BECAUSE IT DOES ALL THE BOOTS AND SHOES UNDER THE SEA.



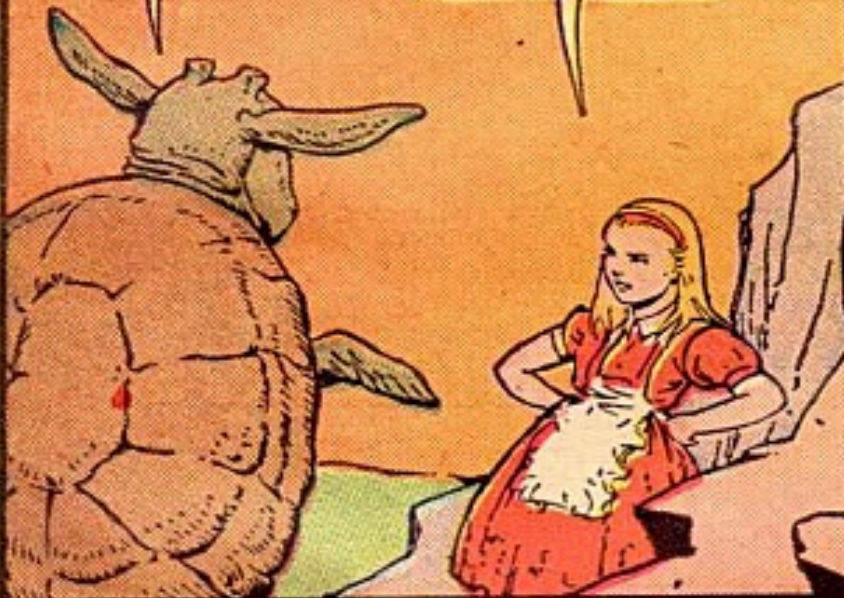
OH! I DO MY SHOES WITH BLACKING. WHAT ARE SHOES AND BOOTS UNDER THE SEA MADE OF?

SOLES AND EELS, OF COURSE.



COME, LET'S HEAR SOME OF YOUR ADVENTURES.

I COULD BEGIN WITH THIS MORNING; IT'S NO USE GOING BACK TO YESTERDAY BECAUSE I WAS DIFFERENT THEN.



EVERYTHING IS DIFFERENT NOW. WHENEVER I RECITE ANY POETRY, THE WORDS COME DIFFERENT.



I SHOULD LIKE TO HEAR SOMETHING NOW. TELL HER TO BEGIN.

RECITE 'TIS THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD.'



'TIS THE VOICE OF THE LOBSTER;
I HEARD HIM DECLARE,
'YOU HAVE BAKED ME TOO BROWN,
I MUST SUGAR MY HAIR'.
AS A DUCK WITH ITS EYELIDS,
SO HE WITH HIS NOSE
TRIMS HIS BELT AND BUTTONS,
AND TURNS OUT HIS TOES.
WHEN THE SANDS ARE ALL DRY,
HE IS GAY AS A LARK,
AND WILL TALK IN CONTEMPTU-
OUS TONE OF THE SHARK!
BUT, WHEN THE TIDE RISES
AND SHARKS ARE AROUND,
HIS VOICE HAS A TIMID AND
TREMULOUS SOUND."

VERY NICE, BUT
WHAT'S ITS
PORPOISE?

PORPOISE? YOU
MEAN PURPOSE!

HE MEANS "PORPOISE."
NO FISH TRAVELS WITH-
OUT A PORPOISE. IF A
FISH CAME TO ME SAY-
ING HE WAS GOING TO
TRAVEL, I'D ASK HIM
WITH WHAT PORPOISE.

IT'S ALL VERY
CONFUSING.
WOULD YOU
LIKE TO HEAR
ANOTHER POEM?

HO HUM.

GO
AHEAD.

..SHALL
I STOP?

HO HUM. NO ACCOUNTING
FOR SOME PEOPLE'S
TASTE.. SING HER
"TURTLE SOUP," WILL
YOU, OLD FELLOW?

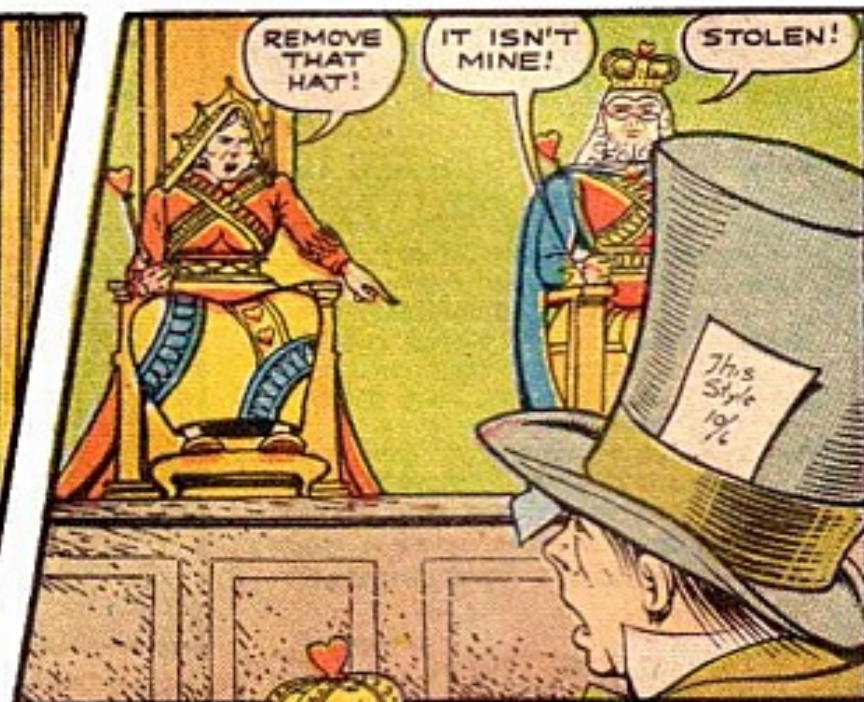
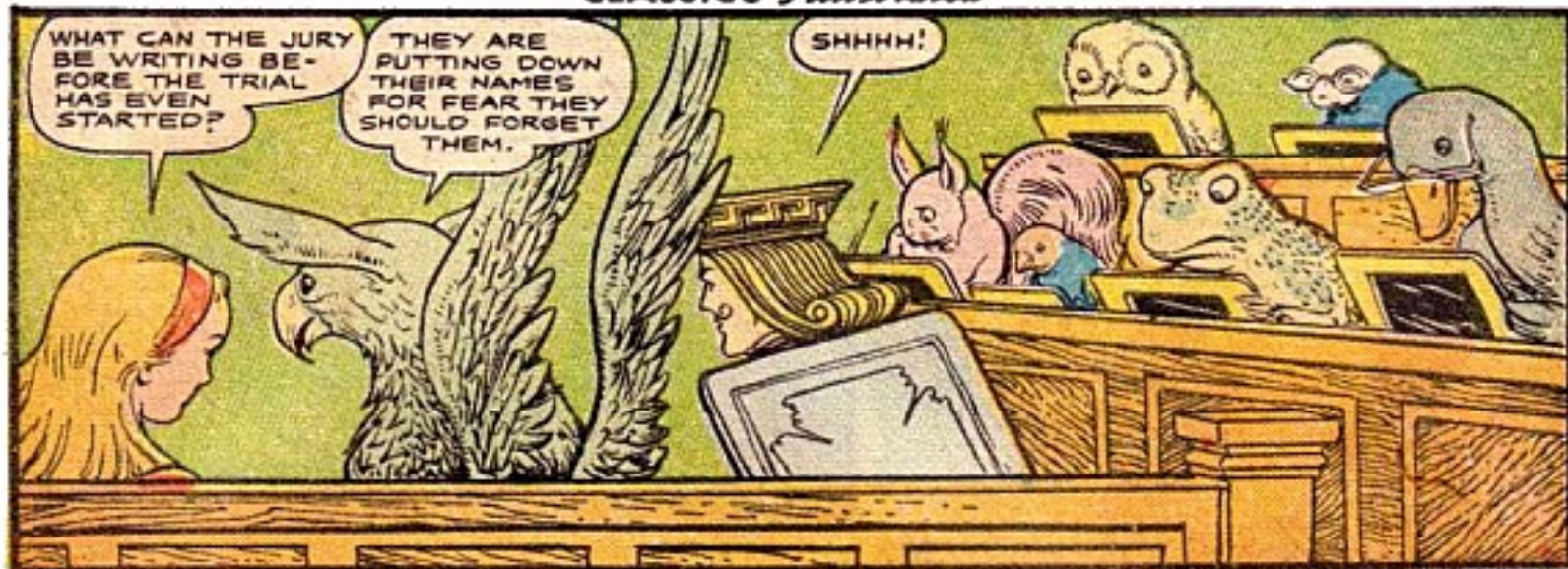
GLADLY!

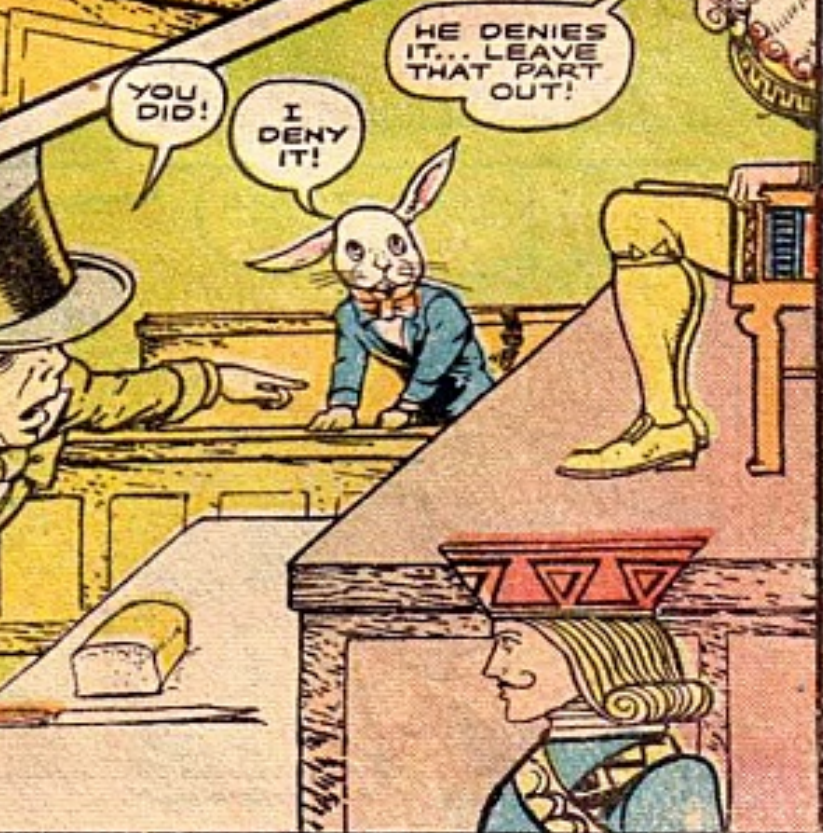
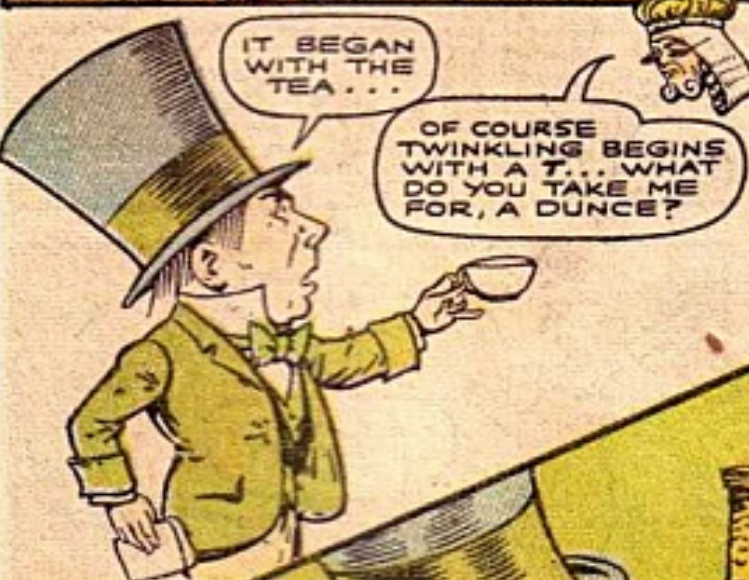
"I PASSED BY HIS GARDEN, AND
MARKED, WITH ONE EYE,
HOW THE OWL AND THE PANTHER
WERE SHARING A PIE:
THE PANTHER TOOK PIE-CRUST,
AND GRAVY, AND MEAT,
WHILE THE OWL HAD THE DISH AS
ITS SHARE OF THE TREAT.
WHEN THE PIE WAS ALL FINISHED,
THE OWL AS A BOON,
WAS KINDLY PERMITTED TO
POCKET THE SPOON:
WHILE THE PANTHER RECEIVED
KNIFE AND FORK WITH A GROWL,
AND CONCLUDED THE BANQUET
BY. . ."

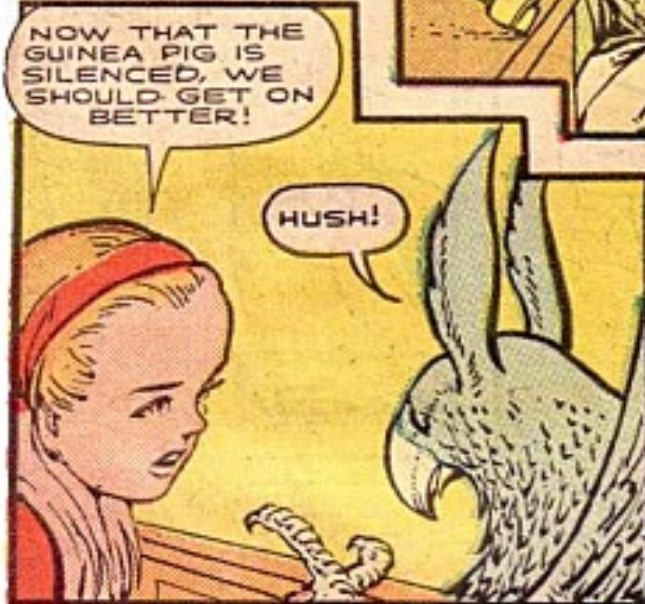
"BEAUTIFUL SOUP, SO RICH
AND GREEN!
WAITING IN A HOT TUREEN!
WHO FOR SUCH Dainties
WOULD NOT STOOP?
SOUP OF THE EVENING,
BEAUTIFUL SOUP!
SOUP OF THE EVENING,
BEAUTIFUL SOUP!
BEAU...OOTIFUL SOU...OOP!
BEAU...OOTIFUL SOU...OOP!
BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTI-
FUL SOUP!"

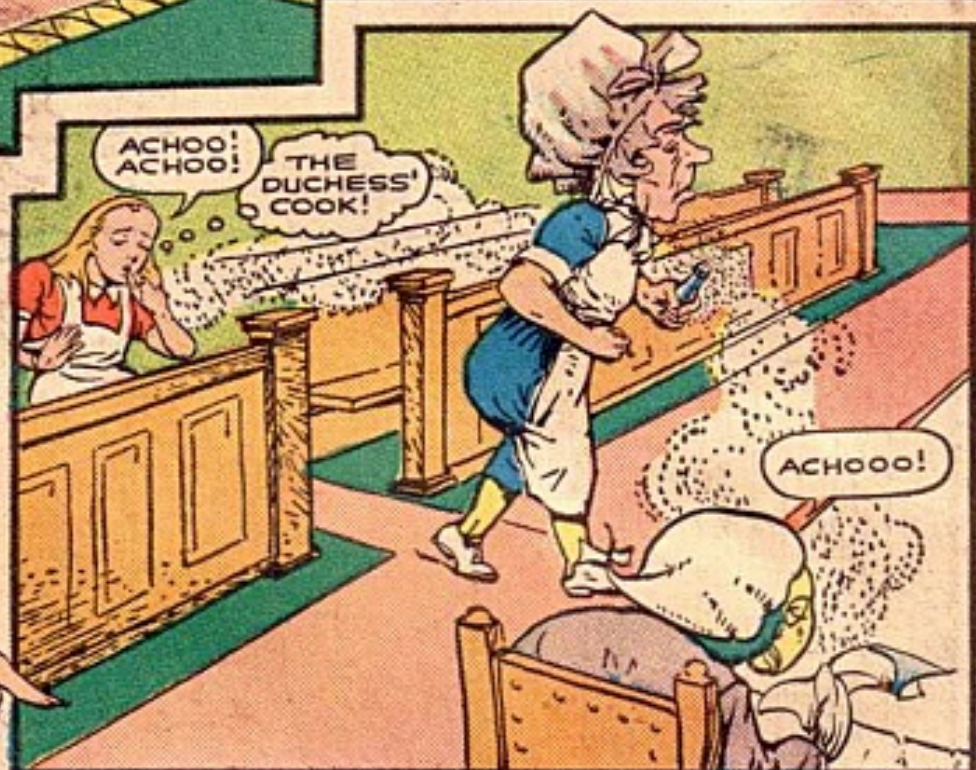
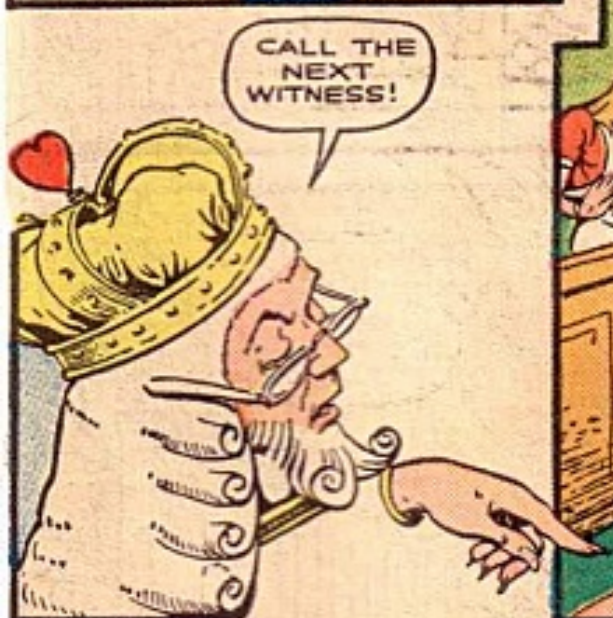
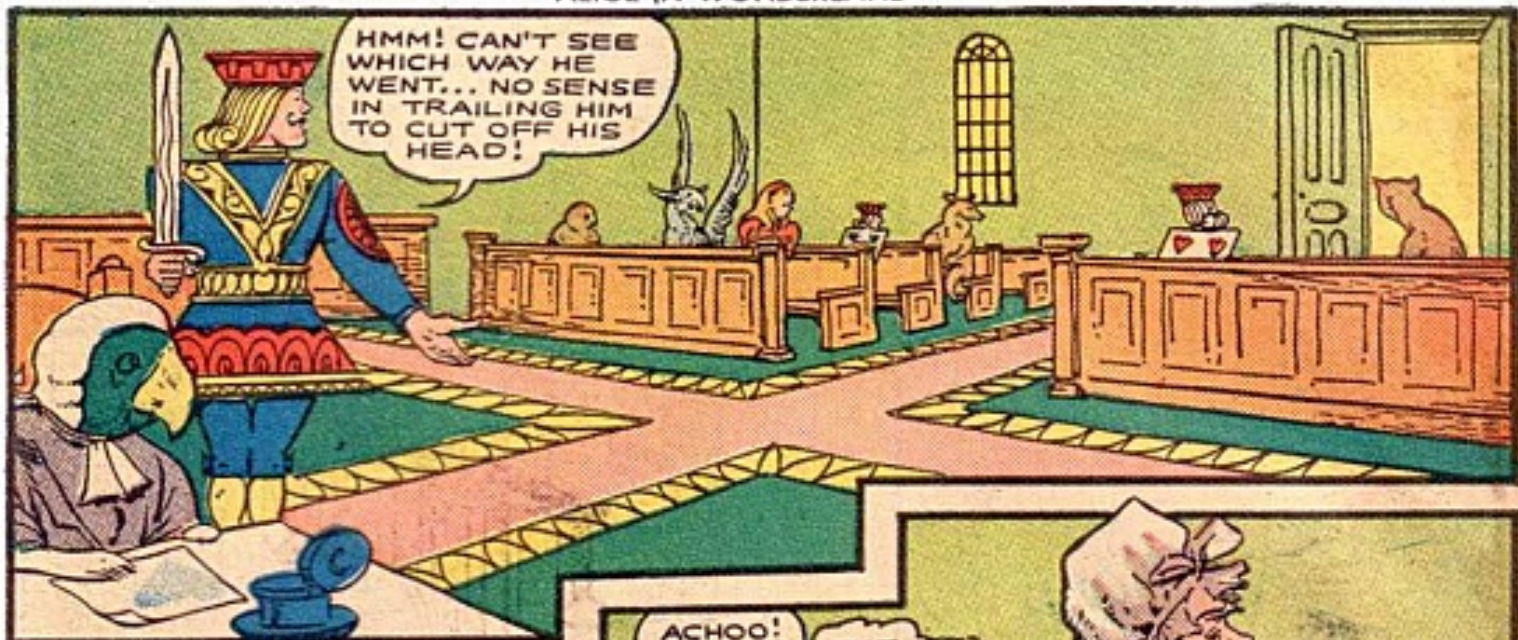
GOODBYE,
MR. MOCK
TURTLE!

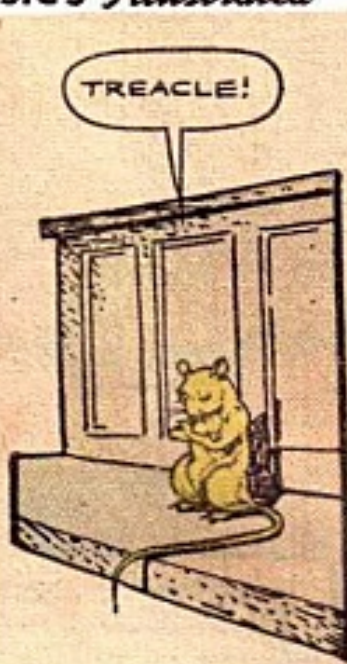
COME, THE TRIAL
IS BEGINNING!

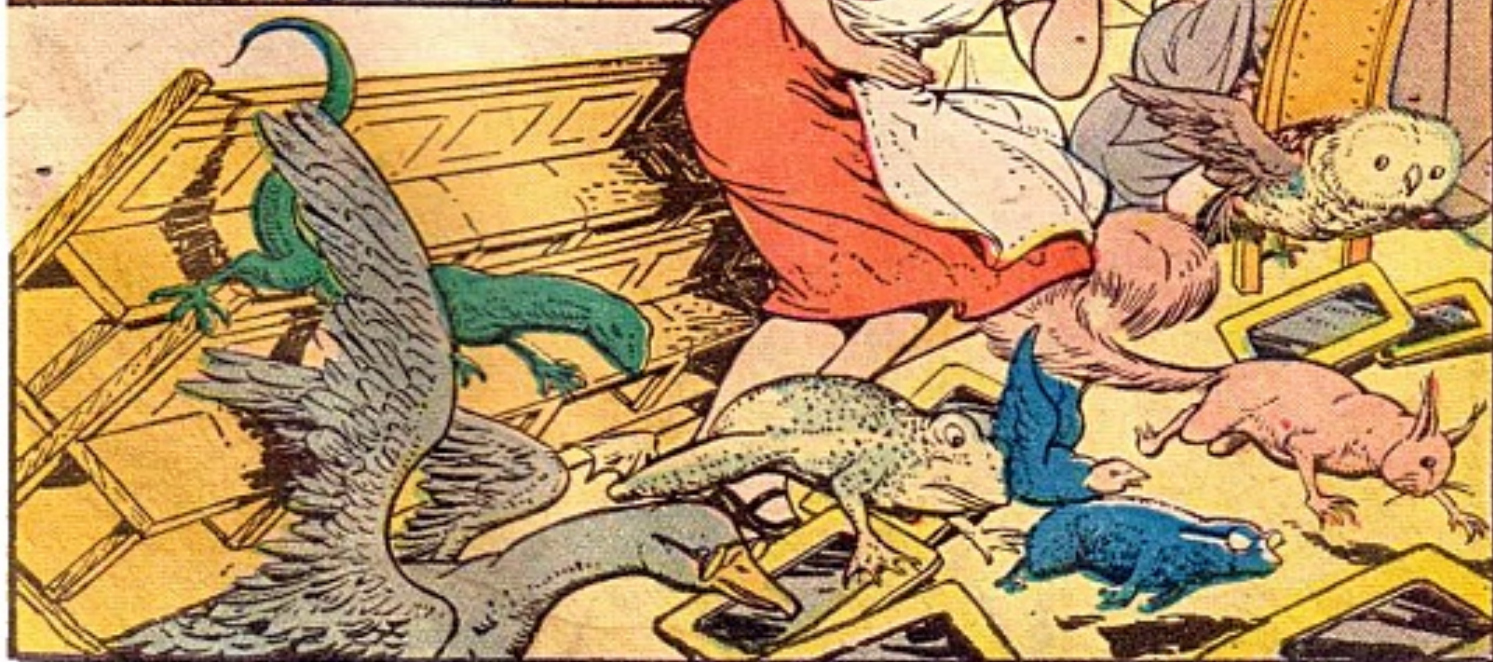
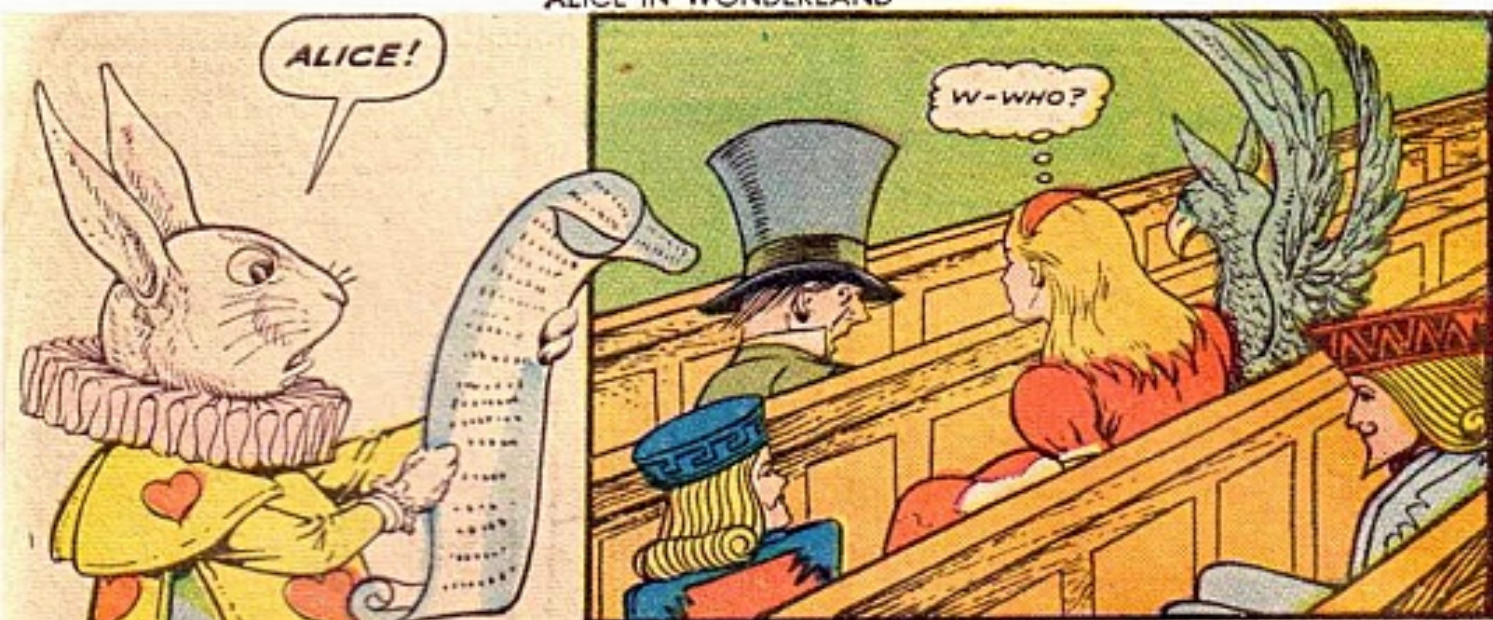


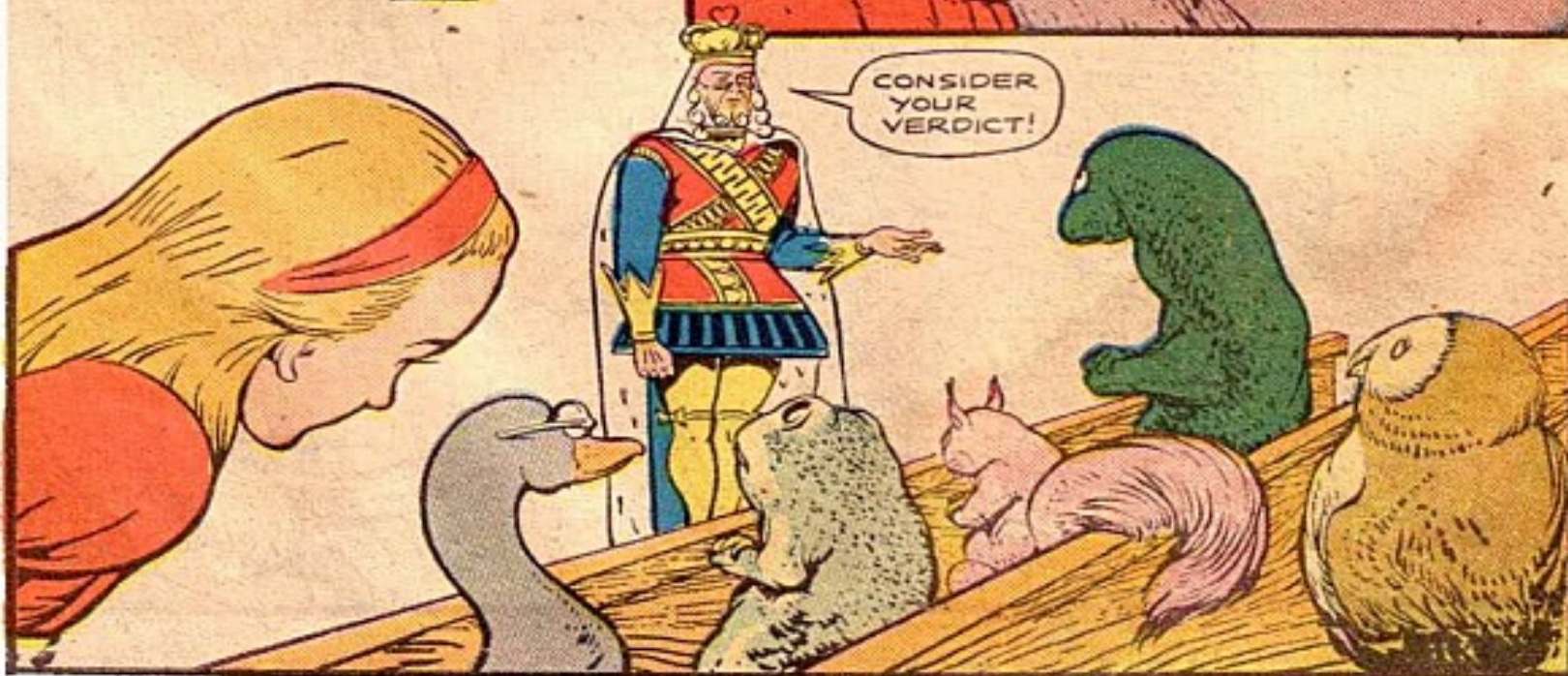
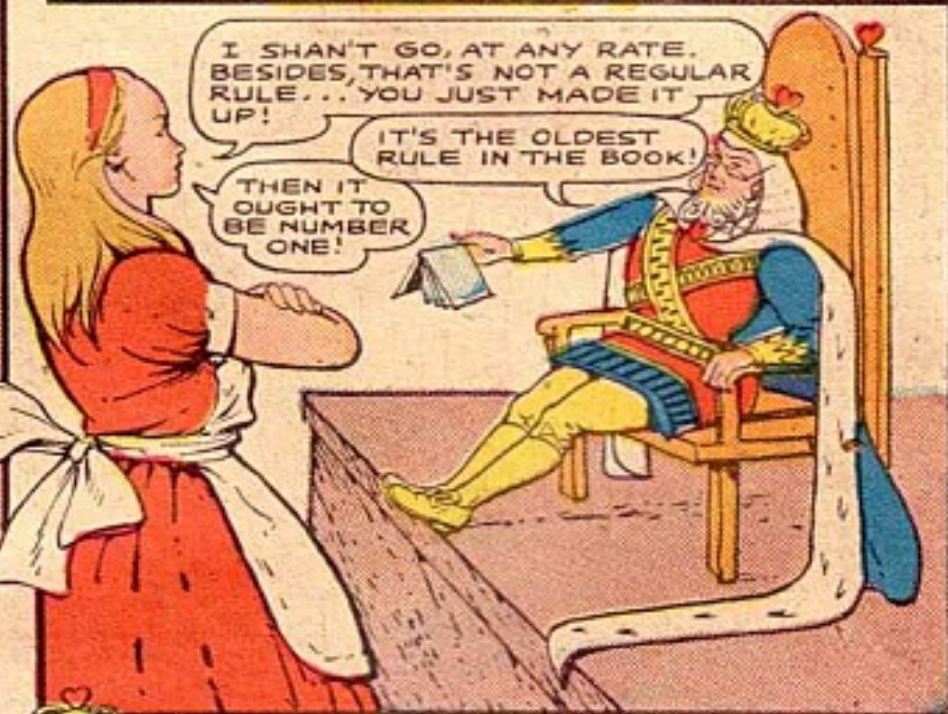
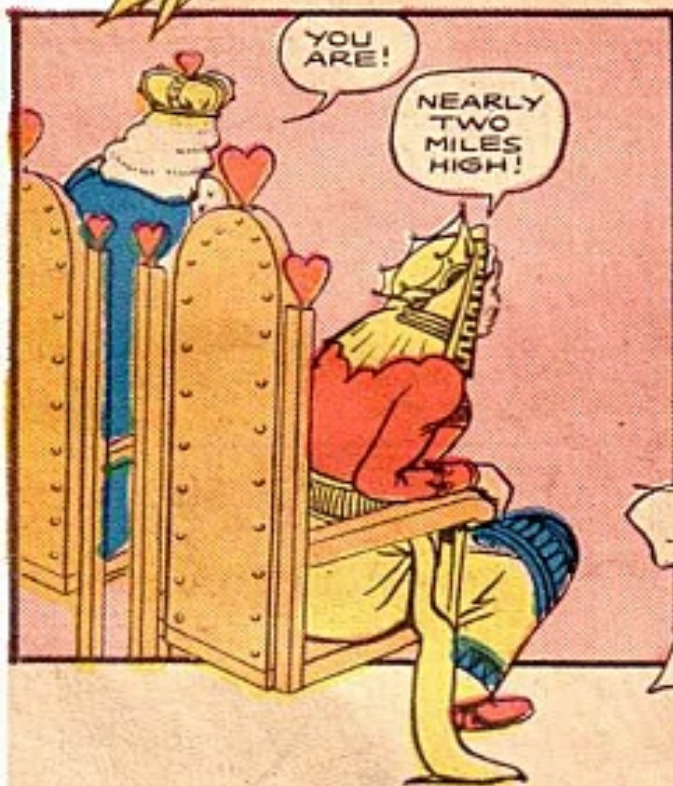
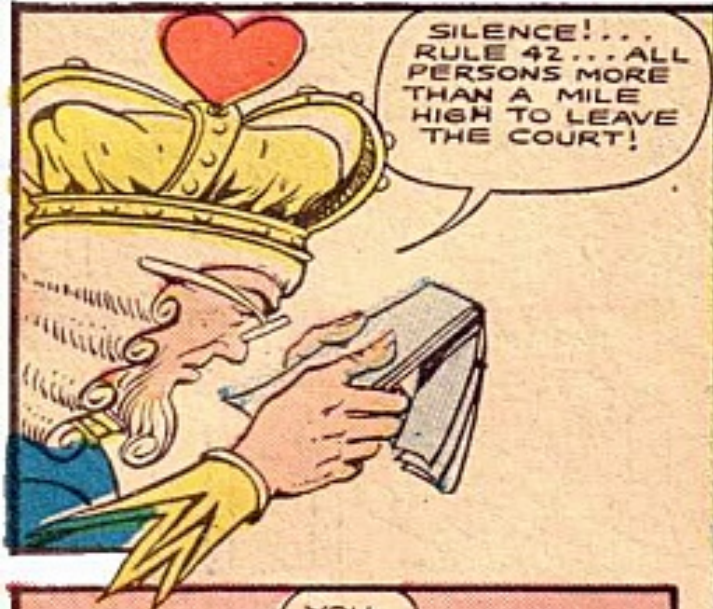


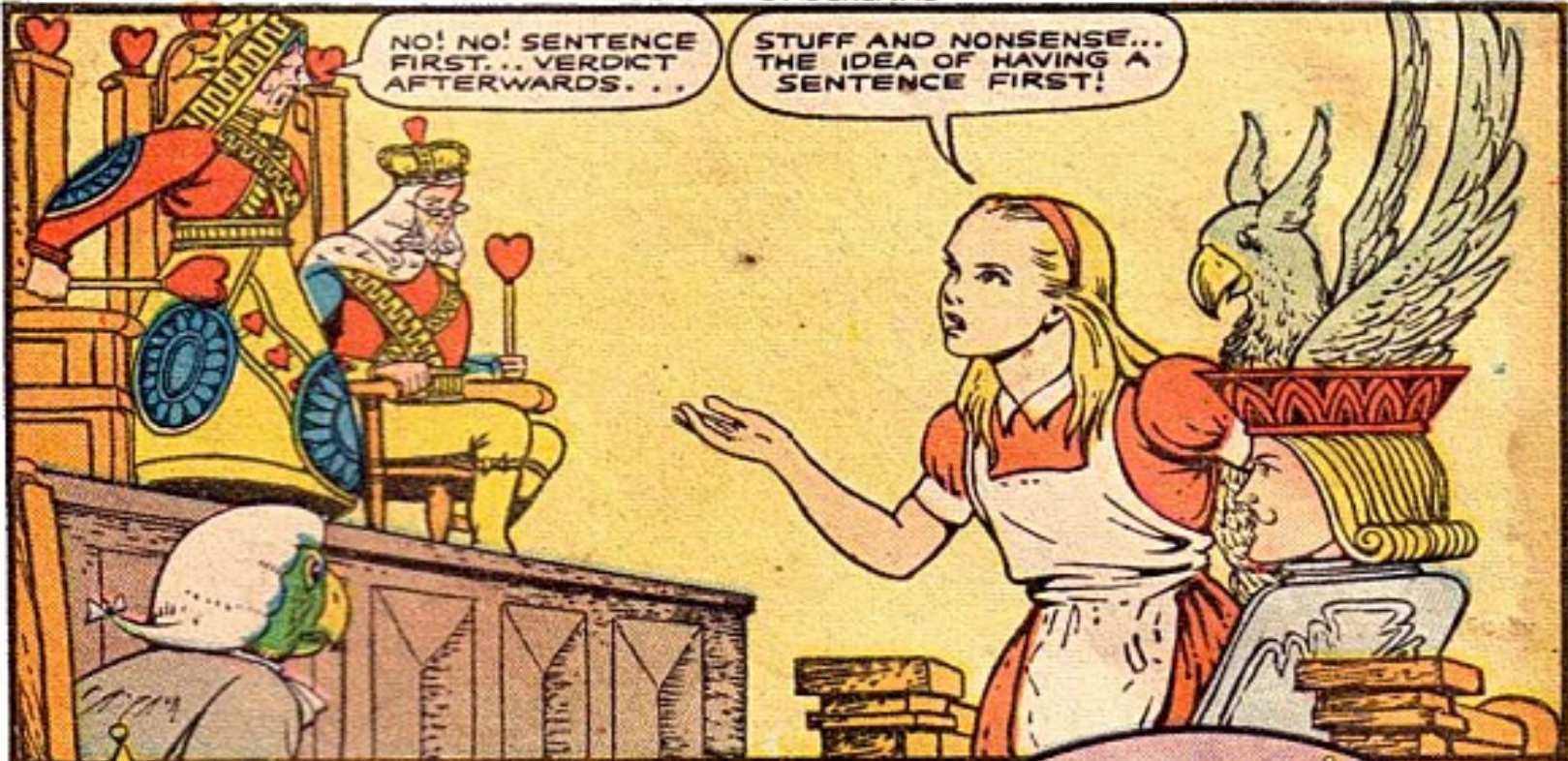


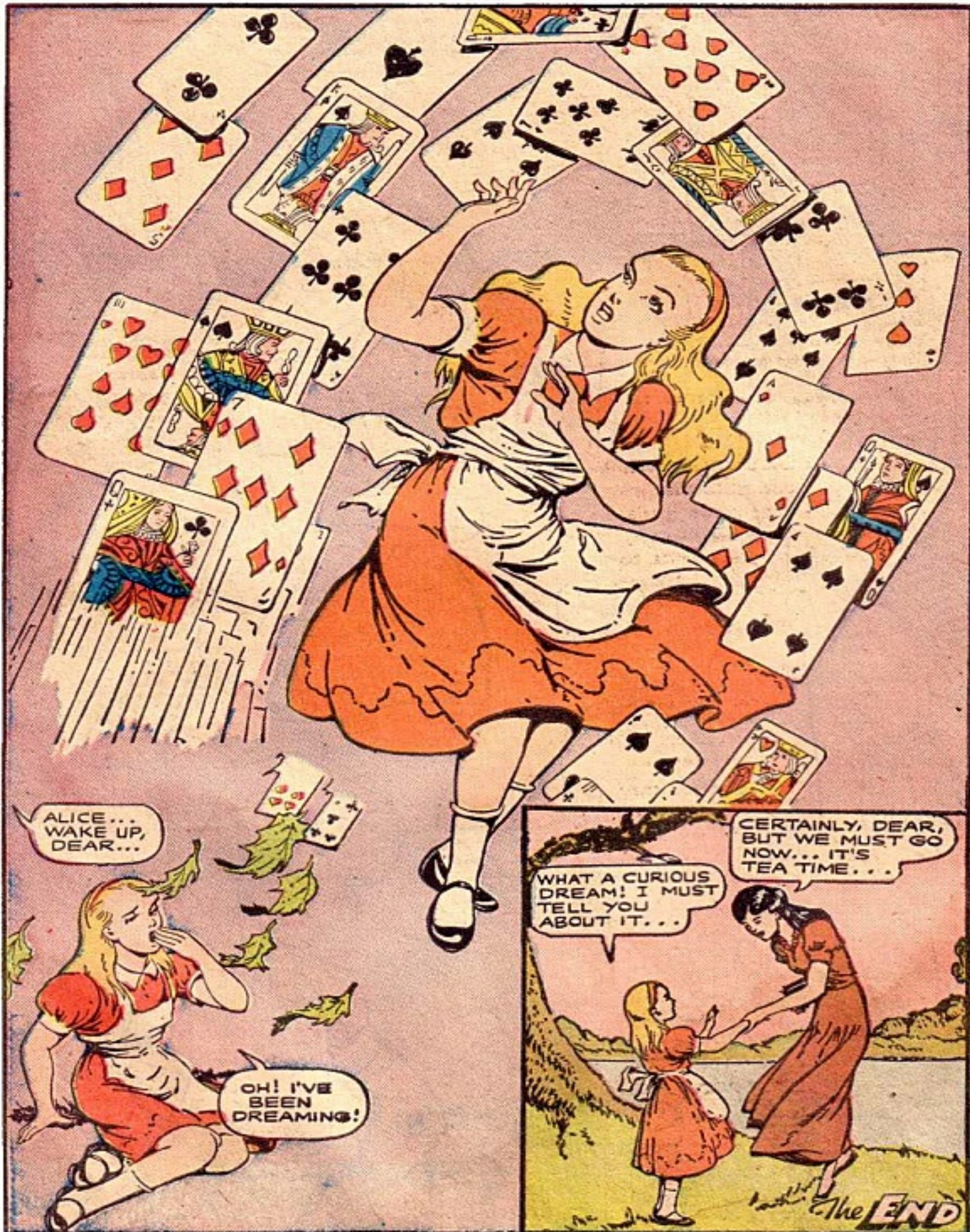












LEWIS CARROLL

It was his delightful nonsense told to a child that won the world for Charles Lutwidge Dodson, professor of mathematics at Oxford University, known and loved wherever fairy tales are told as LEWIS CARROLL.



*"But four young oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because,
you know,
They hadn't any feet."*

Lewis Carroll loved all children, but it was his affection for one child that inspired Alice in Wonderland. The little girl's name was Alice Liddell, and she used to visit Carroll at his home. It was on these visits, to the child's delight, that the Oxford professor shed his dignity and spoke of the pompous Walrus, the dour duchess, and the funny mock turtle.

*Child of the pure, unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet and I and thou
Are half a life asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.*

Not for the world but for the smile—the laughter of this friend's child — did Lewis Carroll labor on the whimsy and satire contained in his 'Alice.' It took a great deal of persuading by his intimates before he would consent to the publication of the work in 1865. Like the modern comic book, "Alice in Wonderland" was presented as a children's book, and became equally popular with their parents. Grown-ups read in Carroll's nonsen-

sical verse an amusing indictment of Victorian manners, and the author's contemporaries. The 'Looking Glass' reflected more for some than they read in its pages.

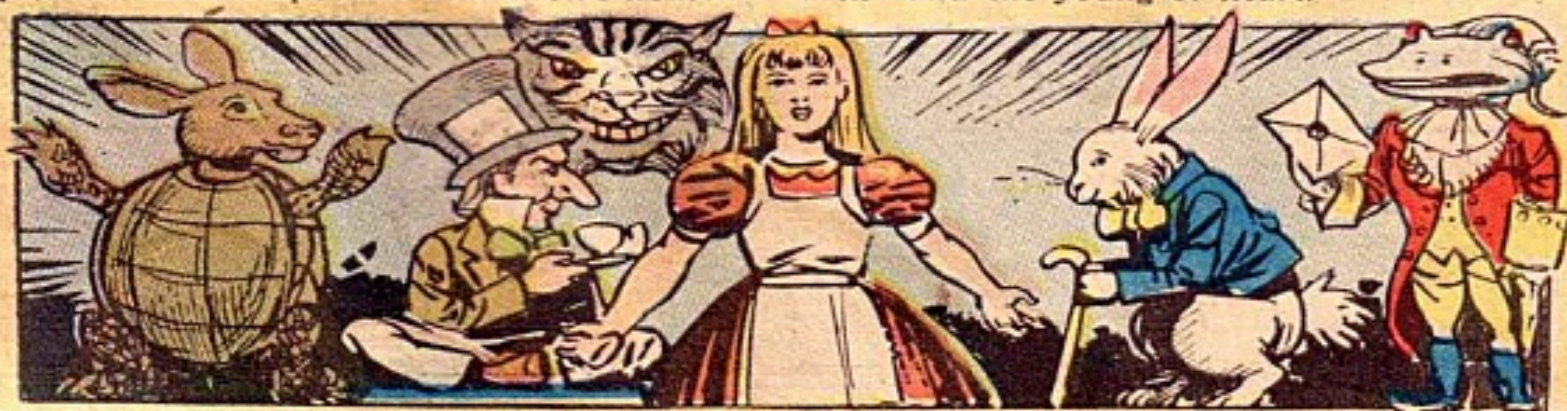
All of England laughed at the drolleries of the self-important characters who paraded through 'Alice,' and no station was spared by the satirical author. Carroll spoke of 'cabbages' in the same breath he mentioned 'kings' and the Queen herself applauded the genius of this Englishman who poked fun so amusingly and with such admirable good-taste.

*"The time has come," the Walrus said
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."*

Alice in Wonderland is a story of Tomorrow and Tomorrow, holding delight and laughter for all children of the age of Alice Liddell, for whom it was first written and the young in heart.

Many men have puzzled over the meanings of Carroll's characters, in their silly little talks, and some have wondered whether or not Humpty-Dumpty spoke for his author when he said, "When I use a word, it means what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

Charles Lutwidge Dodson, born in January 1832, died in January, 1898, beloved as Lewis Carroll, writer of delightful nonsense for children—and the young of heart.



TIPPY, THE TERRIER

OLYMPIA, Washington, is a picturesque city, especially in the autumn. The capital of the state, it nestles in a fertile valley that projects as a peninsula into Puget Sound. Forest-covered mountains serve as a background for the towers and spires of its beautiful buildings. Nearby, flows the rapid Des Chutes River. And the city is blessed with a year around mild climate.

And so, on this pleasant autumn day, the people of Olympia gaily went about their tasks. The lawmakers were in the capital building, the merchants were in their shops, and the workers were in the factories.

Little Alvin Johnson, aged seven, was enjoying the day, too. He was taking a walk with his dog, Tippy.

Slowly, happily, they walked, and before they knew it, they found themselves walking along the railroad tracks.

Now, boys and dogs should never walk along the right of way, particularly when a high-balling train is due to roar by in a few minutes. But there they were, Alvin Johnson and his terrier dog, Tippy.

Tippy was very busy. There was a rabbit burrow to sniff, a crawling black bug to chase, a bird to bark at along the right of way. These things took all his time and required the full attention of one of his bright terrier eyes.

The other eye, as usual, was on the boss. Every few minutes, Tippy would



stop, and in the manner of terriers, cocked his head to one side and raised one of his front legs to his chest, and made sure the boss was all right.

The boss had been busy, too, in his own way. For the last half hour, he had been busy fighting Indians. But now, thanks to his trusting, imaginary six shooter, the last Redskin had bit the dust. He decided to get into his magic airplane and fly around the world. And so, for Alvin Johnson, the immediate surroundings faded, as they do for all seven year old boys.

The boss never saw the train coming, but Tippy saw it almost in time. He scampered or barked or jumped. Neither he nor the boss knew just what. But the boss landed in the gravel alongside the track, unhurt.

It was now too late for Tippy to get out of the way of the roaring train. He rolled beneath the churning wheels. After the last car had passed, Alvin got up to look for his fallen hero. Tippy was still alive, but he couldn't move.

Tippy was taken to the dog hospital, and after a time, he was brought home. Tippy couldn't chase rabbits any more. You see, at the hospital, the doctor had to amputate one of Tippy's legs, and three-legged dogs are no match for fast running rabbits. But the boss understood. When he went adventuring, he walked more

slowly, because Tippy couldn't get around so well.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

GALILEO GALILEI

OF ALL the great men and women who have enriched science with their inventions and discoveries, none can lay greater claim to genius than Galileo Galilei. Living in a time when the world had but recently emerged from the darkness and ignorance of the middle ages, Galileo's contributions were so many and varied that centuries later, we still marvel that one man could accomplish so much.

Modern science, with its well equipped laboratories, its intricate and valuable instruments, owes much to Galileo, who pioneered in the search for truth. He took his talents into many fields; astronomy, physics, music, medicine, and philosophy were some of the subjects he mastered.

To Galileo must go credit for these gifts to civilization: invention of the pendulum principle used on clocks; the law of falling bodies (proving that gravitation affects the speed with which objects rise or fall); building of the first improved telescope; invention of the thermometer; invention of the proportional compass (still used in geometrical drawing); discovery of the four satellites surrounding the planet Jupiter; discovery of sun spots and the first recording of their movements; and lastly, but probably most important, the theory of the solar system.

The solar system theory stated that the earth and the other planets revolved around the sun. The popular belief at the time was that the sun and the moon and the stars moved around the earth which stood stationary. Because Galileo dared to disagree with the accepted teaching, he made many powerful enemies, and he was considered a heretic. But, although he was forced to publicly deny his belief, he always secretly held to his theory, and never swerved.



Galileo was born at Pisa, Italy, February 15, 1564. His father was an impoverished descendant of a noble Florentine family. Galileo showed early signs of remarkable



intelligence and his father vowed to dedicate his own life to help his son restore the family glory.

By inflicting severe privations upon himself and on his other children, Galileo's father was able to send his talented son to school and later, to the University of Pisa, where Galileo was enrolled in medical school.

Leaving school because his money ran out, he returned to Florence where his family was living at the time.

A wealthy family friend, the Marchese Guidabaldo, got Galileo a job as a lecturer of physics at the University of Padua, and later, as official mathematician to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Galileo began to prosper, but there was no more time for the study of medicine. Galileo's fame began to spread. The nobility, and even kings, from the various countries of Europe attended his lectures and before long, he was speaking before more than 2,000 of the most distinguished persons of Europe.

Galileo was now free to give play to his talents. People respected him, although some feared and hated him, for no field of learning was too sacred for Galileo to investigate, no laws or foolish superstitions were too great to keep him from his work. He faced a world that clung to ignorance, and showed it that courage was not confined to the battlefield.

Condemned in his lifetime, the world came to agree with him when he was dead. The tomb of the great scientist is in the Cathedral of Santa Croce, Florence. Throughout the centuries, thousands of people have come to pay homage to the great man who had the courage to speak his mind in an unfriendly world.



CARMEN

By GEORGE BIZET

It is recess time at a cigarette factory in Seville, Spain. The factory girls come flocking out and begin to flirt with the soldiers lounging in front of the guardhouse.

All the men, except José, a handsome soldier, shower their attention on the beautiful Carmen. Unused to such indifference, Carmen deliberately throws her bouquet at José. Before he can say anything, the factory bell rings and Carmen leaves. He is about to fling Carmen's flowers away when his attention is attracted by a noise from the factory.

Carmen has hurt one of the factory girls in a fight, and José is ordered to take her to jail. Listening to his heart and not his common sense, he lets her escape. José, who by this time is in love with Carmen, agrees to meet her at a tavern outside the city walls.

The tavern is a hideout for a band of smugglers for whom Carmen occasionally works. Escamillo, the dashing bull-fighter, enters the smoke-filled inn and is loudly welcomed. Carmen is attracted to the handsome Escamillo and they strike up a merry conversation.

At last, José arrives and Carmen tries to make him desert the army and join the band of smugglers, but he is too honorable to do this. Carmen becomes furious, says he doesn't really love her, and calls him a slave and a coward.

Just then, Lieutenant Zuniga, who is also in love with Carmen, comes in and orders José back to the barracks. The jealous soldier refuses. The officer strikes him across the face and José draws his sword. Two of the smugglers intervene and tie up the lieutenant. José realizes that now he can't return to the barracks, so he agrees to accompany Carmen and the smugglers to their camp in the mountains.

At first, their life in the rough camp is a



happy one. But as the months pass, the fickle Carmen grows tired of José.

One night, Escamillo comes to the camp to confess his love for Carmen. José overhears him and challenges the toreador to a duel. They draw their knives and begin to fight. Just as José is about to draw his knife across Escamillo's throat, Carmen and

two smugglers separate the rivals. As Escamillo leaves, he invites everyone to attend the approaching bull fight at the fiesta in Seville.

José turns to Carmen and tells her to beware, that he is tired of suffering because of her fickleness. She merely shrugs her shoulders and walks off.

As José stands thinking of his unhappy lot, Michaela, a girl from his native village, appears and urges him to return to his dying mother. Before he leaves, he tells Carmen that they shall meet again.

The day of the fiesta, Carmen and the toreador enter the main square of Seville. Escamillo enters the arena and Carmen waits outside, listening to the audience cheer for him.

As she stands there, José comes over to her. He begs her to come with him and start life anew. Carmen proudly replies that she loves him no longer and would rather die than go with him.

At this dramatic moment, a loud cheer for Escamillo comes from the arena. As Carmen joyfully runs toward the arena, José places himself in front of her. He insists that she come with him. Carmen contemptuously throws the ring he once gave her onto the ground. José rushes forward and stabs her in the heart.

As she falls at the feet of the heartbroken José, the victorious toreador, followed by the applause of the crowd, comes to claim her love.



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- 47 TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES
UNDER THE SEA
- 48 DAVID COPPERFIELD
- 49 ALICE IN WONDERLAND
- 50 THE ADVENTURES OF
TOM SAWYER
- 51 THE SPY
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SEVEN GABLES
- 53 JULIUS CAESAR
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